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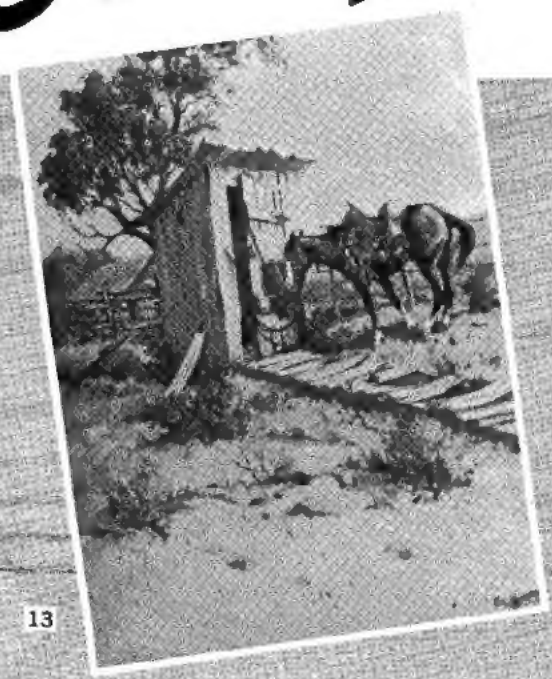

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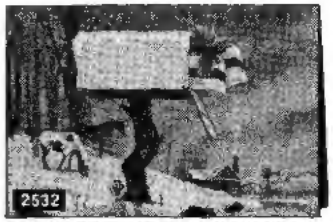

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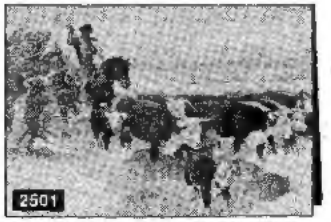

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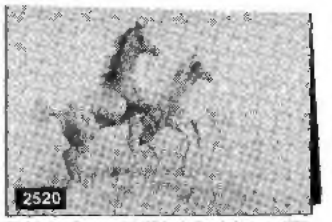

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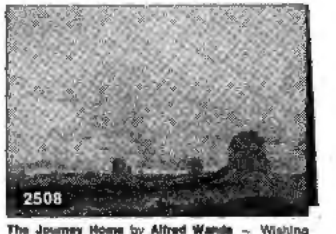

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September-October, 1969
Volume 17, No. 1
Whole No. 95

True West

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Cover: Joe Grandee

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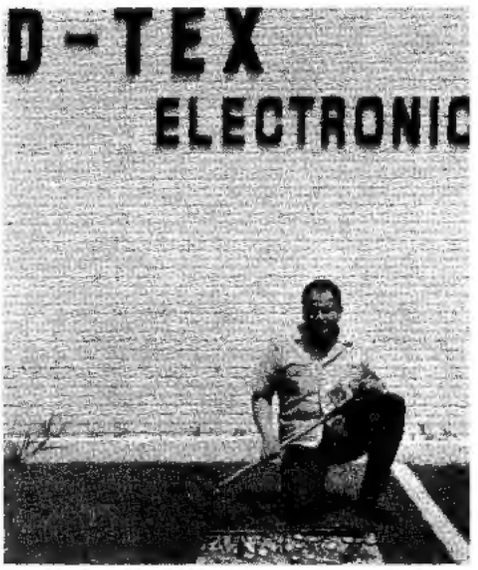

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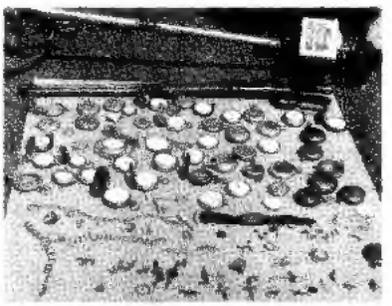

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Oil, Mud—and Wind!

Dear Hosstail:

Reading "Windies—Pure And Simple" and "The Oil Game" in the April 1969 TRUE WEST brought to mind a tale I was told a good many years ago by a fellow I worked for up in Oregon country.

He had been in on some of the early day oil drilling around the vicinity of Burkburnett, Texas and, according to him, the steady stream of mule-drawn wagons of drilling equipment and such through the town's main thoroughfare had converted it into a bottomless quagmire of black mud.

He said he had no sooner hit the town and was sizing things up from the safety of the boardwalk when he spied a pilgrim mired above his waist in the middle of the street. Thinking to be helpful, he slipped a rope from a saddled pony at the hitching rack and tossed the end out, telling the pilgrim to slip it around under his armpits and he would help him out. But tug as he might he couldn't seem to budge the fellow.

Finally he asked him, "What in tarnation is aholdin' you anyway?"

The fellow shook his head and said, "I can't get my feet out of the stirrups!"

It sure used to get muddy down that way.—Ted G. Ledford, S. S. Route Box 94, West Plains, Missouri 65775

Colombe and the Rosebud Country

Dear Sirs:

I was born on White River in 1900. I have read several articles in TRUE WEST about people I knew or heard about when I was a boy in the Rosebud country. My parents left there in 1912.

The story about Chris Colombe in the December 1968 TRUE WEST brought back memories as he was one of my boyhood idols. He'd chuck me on the head or notice me in some way.

We lived at one time in a town called Lamro at the forks of Dog Ear Creek and Mud Creek about two and one-half miles southwest of present-day Winner. Lamro was named after Oliver Lamoreaux, I believe some relation of the Colombes. There was no Winner at that time and Lamro was the county seat with a five-room school, stores etc. The railway missed Lamro (the whys, ifs and ands being a long story in itself). In 1911 at a 4th of July celebration in Winner, lukewarm water pumped from Dog Ear Creek cost five cents per glass.

Chris Colombe's brother Dave was a picturesque figure also—perhaps a bit wild but good to kids. I remember one time Dave must have had too much to drink and decided to shoot up the town. Dave Colombe rode his horse into the saloon, shot a few holes in the plate glass mirror and rode out onto the street and out of town and the sheriff never accosted him.

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about Lamro or has gone swimming in Lone Tree pond.—Harry N. Hellehson, Peers, Alberta, Canada

Grizzly Tale

Dear Editor:

Yours are the best of the Westerns. I just read "Held Prisoner by Grizzlies!" in the December 1968 TRUE WEST and have no doubt that it is authentic. But I wish to point out a couple of mistakes. Grizzly females commonly have one, two or three cubs—maybe occasionally four. They suckle for about eighteen months. They vary as to size. I doubt they adopt strange cubs.

A grizzly has a very keen sense of smell. They can track a man any time they care to. The grizzly is very intelligent. I have had friends killed and wounded by the grizzly. I have been around and hunted grizzly for forty years.—Lee Hancock, Box 955, Anchorage, Alaska 99501

Breed Sash

Dear Sir:

Concerning the story about Charlie Russell by Walt Coburn in your February 1969 TRUE WEST, I take special note and interest in that so-called breed sash or Assomption.

I happen to be the owner of such a sash given me in 1906 when I was four years old by my grandfather, Cuthbert Grant, who passed away about that time.

Beyond that I have no knowledge of where it came from. I can only surmise that it may have belonged originally to my great-grandfather—also Cuthbert Grant—of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies, 1793-1854. Cuthbert James Grant, warden of the plains of Red River, is alleged to have been a leader in the Seven Oaks Affair in 1816.

It would be interesting to know if there are many of these sashes still around. If you print my letter I may hear more about their historic background. I feel they are very much a part of the Old West.—Alfred Grant, 4202 North Colonial, Portland, Oregon 97217

Old Stomping Grounds

Dear Sir:

A friend of mine gave me the September 1968 FRONTIER TIMES; a story of interest was about Tom Mix. This put me back on my old home range. As for Walt Coburn, I have been to the old Circle C Ranch many times, both while Coburn was there and after; I worked for the Matador, in some places also known as the Mill Iron.

Now about the February 1969 TRUE WEST. This one adds a lot to the old memory box. This issue has a couple stories that take me back to Montana. Charlie Russell came to our ranch many times when I was a button. He and my father were very good friends. Many names that Walt Coburn mentions in these stories I remember very well. He mentions Puck Powell from Malta who became sheriff of Valley County. My father was a little of the political power in Valley County at the time and was the under-sheriff for Powell when Powell came to Glasgow.

I have worked for most of the outfits in that part of Montana. So I hope Walt and others keep stories coming about my old stomping grounds.—Ralph W. Landre, Box 253, Pollock Pines, California 95726

"Mad Stone"

Dear Joe:

After reading a recent story concerning rabid animals, mainly skunks, I dug up the June 1966 TRUE WEST and reread the story on the "Mad Stone." We were wondering if it could be possible to obtain a "porous pebble" as used by Mr. Ferris. If any of your readers know the whereabouts of such an item, would they please write to us?

Mr. Small, we enjoy your westerns very much and most of all the treasure stories. Keep 'em coming!—Bill, Lil and Barry Kerpan, Box 43, Kenaston, Saskatchewan, Canada

There You Go Again!

Dear Joe:

The years have gone by and somehow still you seem to come up with something new. And when you do, you do a heck of a good job.

Back in 1960 I started taking TRUE WEST; however, it soon snowballed into a bigger project. In the process I bought back issues. Over a period of about eighteen months I bought various issues I needed to bring my set up to date. While doing this I discovered a second magazine being put out by Western Publications—FRONTIER TIMES. So while completing my TRUE WEST file I rounded up the few back issue of FRONTIER TIMES. Now I have ninety-two issues of TRUE WEST and fifty-eight issues of FRONTIER TIMES.

However, as time seemed to go on, so did you folks. While in one of those modern-day supermarkets in 1964, I noticed still a new magazine—OLD WEST! By this time and place I was thinking "Where do they go from here?" So nineteen issues later it is still going strong.

By now I had begun to think that you finally covered everything that could be covered. Then came RELICS, and you did it again here in 1969. This one titled GOLD! I picked it up in the local store and if it is like the other four, it will be

(Continued on page 72)

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Welcome, Neighbor — May the warmth . . . of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Lange**

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Waitin' for Christmas News — May the meaning of the Season be deeper, etc. — **Bonder**

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Home to the Ranch — Merry Christmas! Good friends, good times, etc. — **Hampton**

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The End of a Holiday Journey — May your Christmas day be blessed, etc. — **Warren**

T 949

"A time to renew our ties . . ." — May you have the Spirit of Christmas, etc. — **Harvey**

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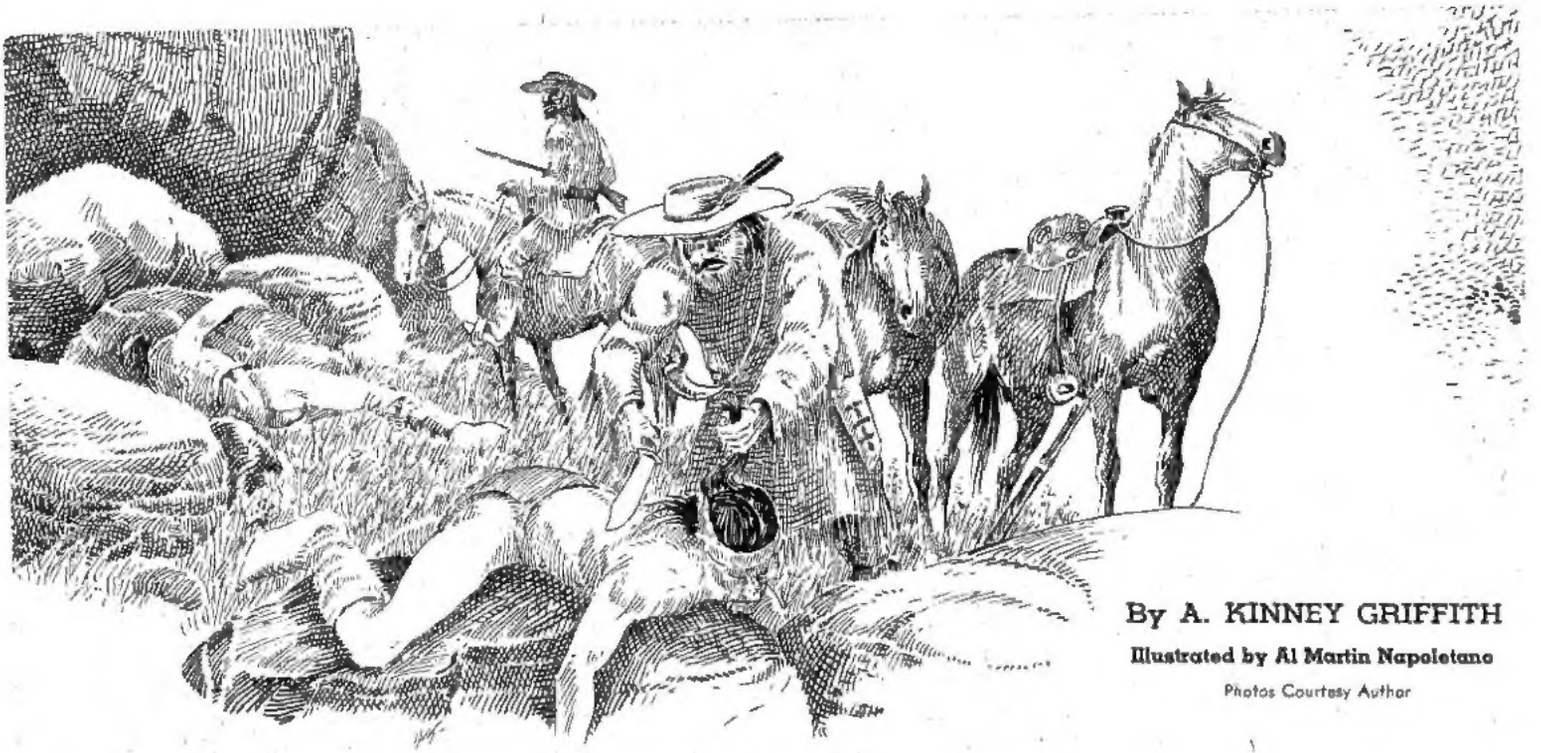
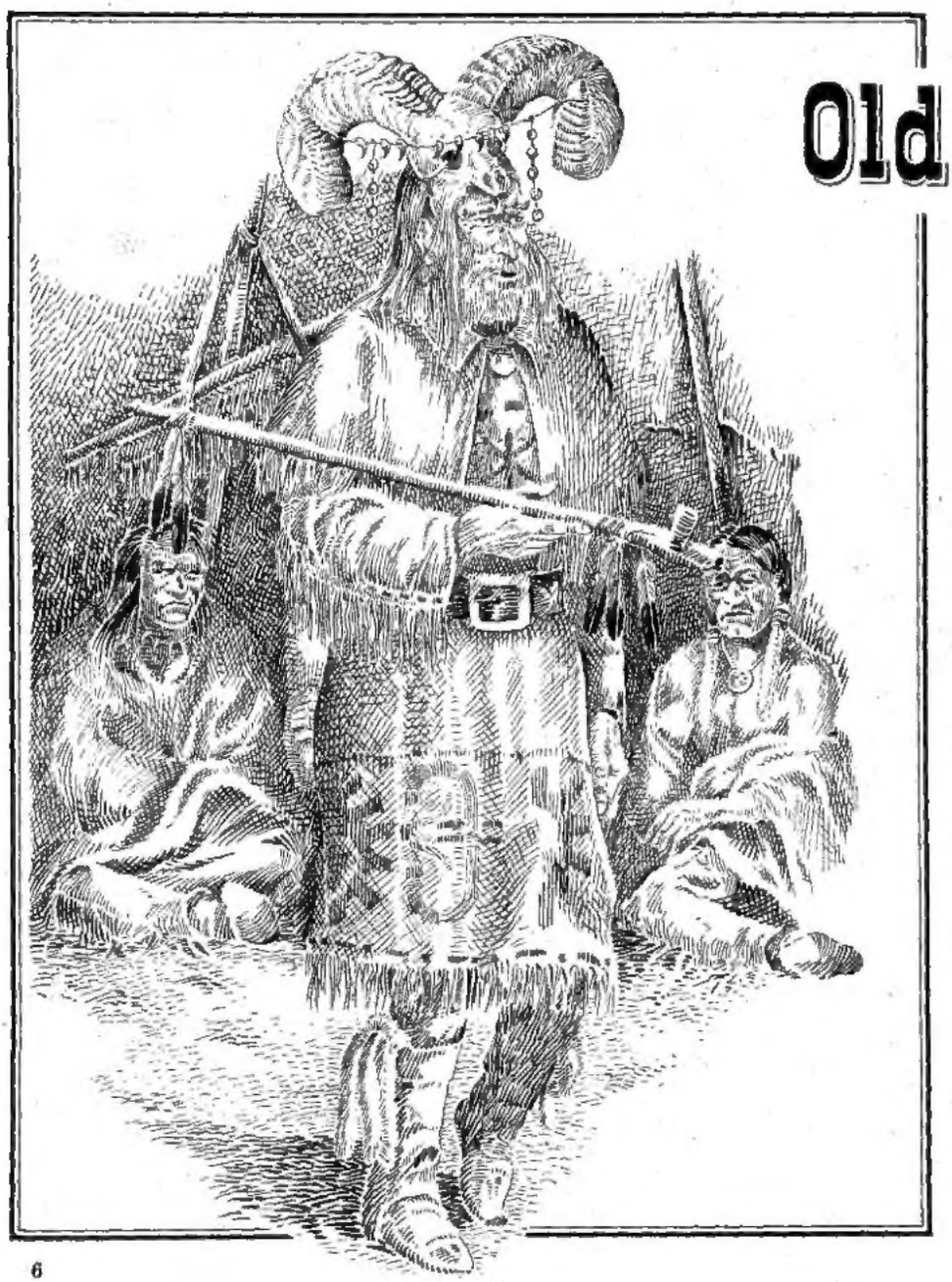


By A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Photos Courtesy Author

Old Solitaire



WILLIAM SHERLEY WILLIAMS was tagged with the nickname "Old Bill" before he was full-grown. He was born on January 3, 1787, on Horse Creek in the mountains of Rutherford County, North Carolina. By the time the U. S. had ratified the Louisiana Purchase in 1804, his parents had moved to the Ozark Mountains south of St. Louis and he was itching to see what's " 'way out yonder."

At seventeen he was a tall rawboned lad with "heaps o' freckles," long rusty red hair and scraggly red beard which folks said was "becomin'." He was a good student in school, helped those younger than himself, and had a way with religion which pleased the primitive settlers. Having a Baptist leaning, he became known as "Parson Williams," and was quite vocal at the camp meetings in preaching hell and damnation to all who'd listen and maybe contribute a penny or two for his advice on how not to get caught.

In September 1806 Bill got drunk on his gleanings, and stole a Shawnee's horse. When he sobered up, he headed west—'way out yonder. Bill was armed with the Shawnee's bow and quiver of arrows and an unreliable Lancaster-made "Kaintucky" flintlock rifle which his father had used in the Revolutionary War. After several weeks of meandering

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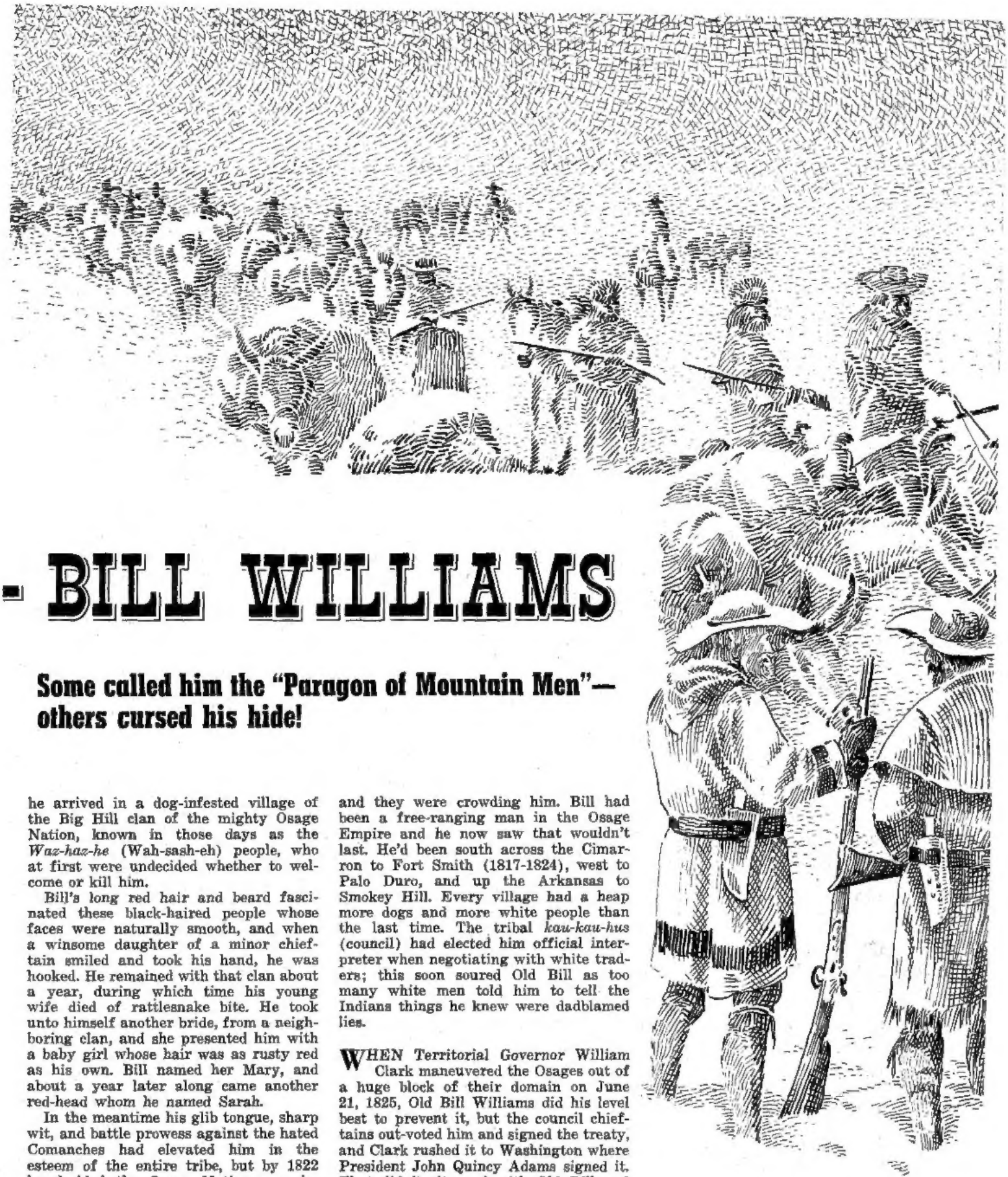

- BILL WILLIAMS

Some called him the "Paragon of Mountain Men"— others cursed his hide!

he arrived in a dog-infested village of the Big Hill clan of the mighty Osage Nation, known in those days as the *Waz-haz-he* (Wah-sash-eh) people, who at first were undecided whether to welcome or kill him.

Bill's long red hair and beard fascinated these black-haired people whose faces were naturally smooth, and when a winsome daughter of a minor chieftain smiled and took his hand, he was hooked. He remained with that clan about a year, during which time his young wife died of rattlesnake bite. He took unto himself another bride, from a neighboring clan, and she presented him with a baby girl whose hair was as rusty red as his own. Bill named her Mary, and about a year later along came another red-head whom he named Sarah.

In the meantime his glib tongue, sharp wit, and battle prowess against the hated Comanches had elevated him in the esteem of the entire tribe, but by 1822 he decided the Osage Nation was demanding too much of his time and he was "gittun nowhar" for himself. About twenty white traders and trappers had filtered through the Osage country during the past few summers, demanding much and giving little; besides, missionaries had begun drifting in with their songs and medicines and wondrous ways, and they were crowding him. Bill had been a free-ranging man in the Osage Empire and he now saw that wouldn't last. He'd been south across the Cimarron to Fort Smith (1817-1824), west to Palo Duro, and up the Arkansas to Smokey Hill. Every village had a heap more dogs and more white people than the last time. The tribal *kau-kau-hus* (council) had elected him official interpreter when negotiating with white traders; this soon soured Old Bill as too many white men told him to tell the Indians things he knew were dadblamed lies.

WHEN Territorial Governor William Clark maneuvered the Osages out of a huge block of their domain on June 21, 1825, Old Bill Williams did his level best to prevent it, but the council chieftains out-voted him and signed the treaty, and Clark rushed it to Washington where President John Quincy Adams signed it. That didn't sit good with Old Bill and he got to mulling over riding south to join up with Stephen F. Austin in Texas. Before the time was ripe his second wife caught a misery which the missionaries couldn't cure, and she died. His marital duty was now to his two red-head daughters only, so he took advantage of the Clark treaty and wangled for each a 640-acre plot of lush bottomland astride Double Creek near Harmony Mission, where the North Fork of the Canadian was the border marking Cheyenne country.

By now trade between the Indians and the white people was getting brisk, as this was along the Santa Fe Trail route

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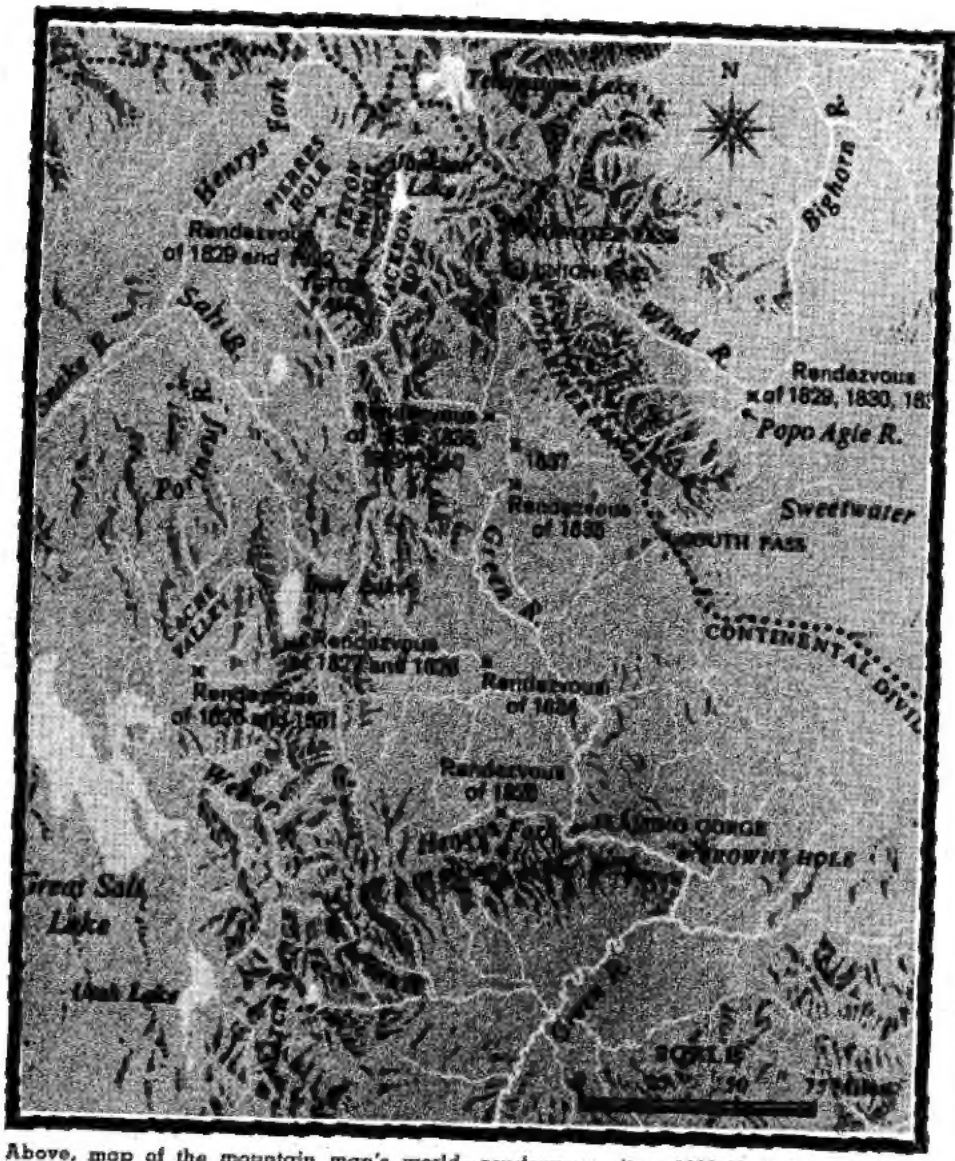

Above, map of the mountain man's world—rendezvous sites, 1825-40. Below, Frederic Remington's depiction of (left to right) King, Williams, Creutzfeldt and Breckenridge who set out to bring help to the men stranded in a blizzard on Poncha Pass, 1869.

advocated by the influential Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, and had been approved by President James Monroe back in 1820. Old Bill's big chance came when Major George C. Sibley, commanding a squadron of Dragoons and escorting a party of Eastern surveyors, arrived at Harmony. Bill was hired by Sibley as an interpreter, scout and guide. Others in the squadron included Captain Stephen Cooper, Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker, and Josiah Gregg who later wrote *Commerce of the Prairies.*

The country to be explored and mapped was well known to Old Bill as he had roamed it for many years. The natives admired him and called him "Redheaded Shooter." By November 1825 he had guided the Sibley expedition into Taos, New Mexico. The New Mexican government was still in an uproar, following the revolution of 1821, but the officials welcomed the lanky *montero Americano.* The Dragoons were a different matter, however, as the officials were still disputing the Louisiana Purchase international border, and this arrival of a U. S. military force smelled like more trouble.

"Trouble" had started back in 1806 when Zebulon M. Pike led a small semi-military party into New Spain (Mexico); James Pursley and his band of six adventurers came in 1808; Robert McKnight and party came in 1812; David Meriwether and party were jailed in 1820; William Becknell with a crew of forty came in 1823; James Ohio Pattie came in 1824; then Antoine Robidoux and a band of one hundred mixed-bloods invaded New Mexico and Chihuahua, and all of them caused trouble. Old Bill set about improving relations with the Taos commander, then he and the diplomatic Sibley made a ride down to Santa Fe where they negotiated a *permision* with Governor-General Antonio Narbona which lasted through Narbona's term of office.

During the following year, 1826, the William Hoddart band arrived in Taos, and the Kit Carson and James Conklin parties arrived in Santa Fe; the Jedediah Smith-David Jackson-William Sublette company of sixty bonafide mountain men trapped along the Rio Colorado (New Mexico bordered the province of California at the Colorado) and the Williams-Sibley-Narbona agreement worked fine. The Richard Campbell and the Ewing Young groups traveled through but were mainly interested in prospecting for gold and silver in the desert hills beyond the Rio Grande; Pauline Weaver, alone trapped the Rio Gila in 1830; the William Wolfskill legion passed through in 1831, trapping along the tributaries to the Grand Canyon, then northward in what eventually became known as Territory of Deseret (Utah) when the Mormons arrived in 1847 shortly before the Treaty of Hidalgo Guadalupe.

Old Bill had been in Santa Fe hardly long enough to take care of official business, then "hoist a few," when he saw so many opportunities to make money that he handed Sibley his resignation and prepared to strike out on his own. Major Sibley returned to his command

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in Taos and sent a courier back to Fort Osage (1808-1827) with his official dispatches.

IT WAS DURING the following decade that Bill Williams acquired the sobriquet of "Old Solitaire" and became the Mountain Man Supreme. He criss-crossed the southern Rockies from the Sangre de Cristo range to the Mogollon escarpment, the beaver dams in the Escalante brakes and the hundreds of intersecting creeks of the Colorado to where it became the Seetskedee (Green River) in the Wasatch and Uinta Ranges. He made his northern base camp in an idyllic mountain meadow through which flowed Popo Agie Creek (today's site of Riverton, Wyoming). This soon became a home-away-from-home for such stalwart mountain men as Jim Bridger, Old Pintado, "Moccasin," John Coulter, Antoine Leroux, Pauline Weaver, "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, Lucien Maxwell, Kit Carson, Albert Pike, William Hamilton, and Alexander Ross.

Old Bill "nigh froze" in 1827 in a blizzard in the Wasatch Mountains (central Utah). Out of options he slid into the great Timpanogas Cave and for seven weeks remained trapped there with thirty Utes by "th' wust winter Ah ever seed." They nearly starved, but when the ordeal was over the mountain man emerged with a Ute squaw in tow.

Bill's firm friendship among the southern tribes became legendary. The Utes, Shoshones, Jemez, Cheyennes, Cherokees, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Kiowas, Shawnees, Navajoes, Zuni, Hopi and some Cochiti revered him; the Comanches hated him and the feeling was mutual. He was called "Bill Williams, Master Trapper" by William Ashley's mountain men (led by Jed Smith); others called him "Big Red," "Go-gettum," "Knock-em-cold," and "th' man who could git mo' outen a hoss than th' meanest Injun." Colonel (later General) Henry Leavenworth, builder of frontier forts, said: "Old Bill Williams is the only mountaineer you can depend on. . . ." He was "the most accurate with

Old Bill Williams

a rifle of them all," according to Dr. Benjamin A. Kern; "the most indefatigable walker," stated Micajah McGehee and a man "whose moccasins left no trail in passing . . . yet he could track an enemy in a rainstorm at night." Edward M. Kern, cartographer for John C. Fremont, noted in his diary: "Old Bill Williams used more common sense than any mountain man I ever knew."

He was called "the most ruthless killer of Indians [Comanches] in the west," by Jedediah Strong Smith—that prince of mountain men, who with the long rifle and common sense rivaled Old Bill, yet at the age of thirty-three was to be killed by the Comanches along the Santa Fe Trail in 1831.

"Big Red could out-guzzle the Devil himself," as attested to by William Bent, brother of Charles Bent, when the lanky mountaineer unexpectedly showed up with four packhorses loaded with prime beaver plews and a tote-bag of grizzly claws, then helped other mountain men drink dry a barrel of Kentucky whiskey while the group helped the Bent Brothers remodel their famous adobe-and-rock fort (1828-1852) along Timpas Creek where the Santa Fe Trail crossed the Upper Arkansas River.

Old Bill had a town, a mountain, a river, and a pass named after him in what is now Arizona.

IN AUGUST 1831 Captain Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville procured a two-year leave of absence from the U.S. Army and immediately set about organizing a trading and exploring expedition into the Far West. Time passed while he assembled and equipped a group of fifty men at Fort Leavenworth and engaged Captain Joseph R. Walker to guide the expedition. Most of the men turned out to be greenhorns and misfits, so the company had its troubles on the way west. The outfit arrived at Bent's Fort in April 1832, and Bonneville was dissatisfied with his progress. When he saw several groups of mountain men preparing to head for the hills, he offered to finance them for a year's trapping and trading venture through the mountains beyond the Continental Divide.

Twenty men promptly signed up, including Old Bill Williams, Joe Meeks, Joe Gale, Mark Hind, Bull Mitchell, Old Jim Pursley, Tom "Pegleg" Smith, Alex Godey, Bill Craig, George Nidever, Jack Price, and Zenas Leonard who became

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the company clerk and later wrote that "all of them soon showed their sterling value."

Each man was equipped with two horses, a saddle and a packsaddle, a rifle, pistol, belt knife, blankets, buffalo robe, provisions and other items necessary for a venture into primitive regions. The expedition ramrodded by Bill Williams and Joe Walker started in July 1832 and proceeded to Green River then northerly through Flaming Gorge in the formidable Uinta Mountains to Old Bill's camp on the Popo Agie. About ten men were detailed to hunt bear, elk and deer for camp meat and jerky, and wrangle the horses. The others trapped the streams for beaver, ranging as far as Bear River and Bear Lake. When pelts began to trickle in, Old Bill went to the nearby Bannock village and enticed a dozen Indian women to come in and prepare the furs. This arrangement worked well for about a week; then some of the trappers began to fight over the women.

Here Captain Walker's martinet attitude prevailed and most of the men buckled down. Of the sixty left in the crew (eight had been killed in knife fights) few if any had ever been on an expedition so well equipped and under so few restrictions. With that in mind, many decided to bide their time for future gain. Uncommon men by nature, half of the mountain men and most of Bonneville's bunch of misfits were pirates at heart. They recognized no authority, no law. They lived by an unwritten code: the mountain man's instinct which simply meant *all for me and nothing for the other man.*

Walker's brutal dominance, Williams' sharp tongue and Bonneville's guile got the expedition packed up and headed toward Great Salt Lake (Bonneville Basin). They found virtually nothing but sprawling, stagnant salt flats, saw nothing that lived except seagulls and magpies. They skirted the lower reaches of the Hog Mountains draining into the 3,000-square-mile lake; they found no beaver, but managed to trade some trinkets for well-tanned wolfskins and nearly-hatched seagull eggs from the half-starved Goshute clans they met en route. They crossed Skull Valley, then traveled through White Horse Pass. Along the winding Humboldt River valley they entered Shoshone country where, rather than trade, some of the unconscionable trappers stole a few bundles of cougarskins along with a few young women.

Naturally this riled the native men and a running fight ensued which lasted several days. The hard-riding mountain men won easily. When discipline was restored, and after assessing the poor fur harvest so far, Old Bill proposed that the expedition split in three groups. He'd lead one group down the Humboldt to Winnemuca Lake; Joe Walker would take one group and work southwest to Washoe Lake (Walker), leaving Bonneville to ramrod the main group on a direct course west across the "easy" Humboldt Sink to Pyramid Lake. They'd meet in the Sierra Nevada foothills along the Truckee River meadows before the snow flew.

Later it became a debated question whether Walker misunderstood or was deliberately devious, for he took a roundabout route that brought him to the location in the upland meadows which Old Bill had in mind for himself. Although neither he nor Walker had been there before, Williams had a good picture of the region in mind, having heard about it from Jim Bridger and Jed Smith.

When Williams and Walker were at the point of drawing knives, Captain Bonneville asserted his authority and ordered Walker to trap the southern tributaries and Williams the northern. Unless notified otherwise by courier, all were to meet at Yosemite beyond Tioga Pass within two moons.

Walker set forth with his crew and within a fortnight was stuck in the myriad of quicksand bogs which make a semi-circle around the shores of a lake now known as Walker's Hole. By the time he had his outfit extricated from the treacherous terrain another week had passed without a single trap set, and tempers had risen to a murderous degree.

In the meanwhile Old Bill and his band had encountered a clan of Winnemuca (Digger) Indians who were on their annual antelope and muskrat hunt for their winter's meat and fur supply. One thing led to another and when the encounter was ended the mountain men had slain twenty-five of the Diggers, captured their small herd of mangy burros, several of their women, and everything else worth taking. The attitude of the freebooters had always been one of contempt for the rights and lives of any strange Indians they encountered. It probably never occurred to them that the Indians were indigenous to the region, and that they were intruders.

Depending on himself alone as a scout, Old Bill located three beaver colonies, then put the trappers to work. They were hard at it when the Digger women escaped one night after smashing the head of the drowsy guard—a man who had raped one of the women. It then turned out that none of the trappers was in a mood to cure the pelts, so they took off to capture "them damn wimmin"; they caught them and killed them, but in the meantime their beaver plews began to shed hair and became worthless.

THE THREE GROUPS finally crossed the High Sierra Nevada through Tioga Pass and were reunited in an alpine meadow, headwaters of the Merced River through Yosemite Valley. "The outfit came to Yosemite on November 12, 1833," according to Zenas Leonard, the only man in the expedition to keep a diary; however, his date was probably wrong, as he says the snow was belly deep. After a week of bitter weather while moving west and south, they were down out of the high country. This put the expedition in rolling plains where "grass

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was green, the climate mild and wild game was plentiful."

The trappers took their time on their way to Monterey on the coast and spent Christmas with a Yankee sea captain and his crew aboard the *Lagoda*. For a fee Acting-Governor Figueroa gave them a *permision* to remain the winter, but the restless nature of the mountain men soon got the best of them. They had seen herds of feral horses in the rolling plains en route and the beautiful animals spelled money in capital letters—especially so when it was noted that the *caballeros* of California were of the festive type who hunted mustangs now and then, but only for the fun of it. There were also huge silvertip grizzlies in the coastal hills which would provide hunting for profit. Bear hunting provided a welcome diversion for about a month, then the men urged their leaders to move south and see what they could see.

By now Bonneville's leave of absence had about run out, as had his money, and he was fretting about reporting back to the army. Utterly disgusted, he took about half of the men and all the bearskins and retraced his trail to Fort Leavenworth.

Old Bill Williams, Joe Walker and the rest of the adventurous ones ganged up and made several swift raids on the sprawling *ranchos* while en route south through the Salinas Valley. They rounded up a herd of "600 Spanish horses" then headed east through what is now known as King's Canyon and Westgard Pass. Leonard's journal noted that "stealing horses is practiced more than any other kind of theft, and it is not recognized as a crime owing, probably, to the cheapness of the animals."

Living off the land, the mountain men with their herd of fleet-footed mustangs made good time across the various mountain ranges that spring, and paused only long enough to trade horses for furs with any Indians they met along the way, then caught up with Bonneville at the Popo Agie camp and made a great to-do about splitting profits. The end result was that Bonneville reported back to his regiment "broke and discouraged" with only some exploration notes and maps of the "Bonneville Basin" to show for his efforts. He was nearly a year overdue, but his maps and notes were deemed very valuable, and he was reinstated by order of President Andrew Jackson.

The mountain men had held out on him, and after a roaring time at the rendezvous, they too were broke and had to go back to trapping or continuing to steal for a living—unless something else came up.

ALTHOUGH OLD BILL preferred to operate alone, he craved to return to "Calyforny" an' *robar* a whole slew o' hosses"—enough to set him up for life. This he knew he could not do alone, so he chose Joseph Meek, James Pursley, Thomas L. Smith and six others known to him. Old Bill was in good company. In Joe Meek he had a misnamed character if there ever was one. Meek, a "lunger" from a Virginia waterfront slum, had no regard for his own life and even less, if that were possible, for the life of others. A frail looking man, he could raise more hell than a half dozen regular-sized mountain men and do it in half the time. Diehard Old Jim Pursley had come west in 1808, got into instant trouble with the authorities and in the following years had broken out of more Mexican *calabozos* than any other white man alive. Tom "Pegleg" Smith had come west with Jed Smith in the original William Ashley expedition of 1823, remained with Ashley a year, then struck out as an independent trapper. In 1827 his mule slipped off a cliff in a blizzard and shattered Smith's right knee so severely that he had to amputate the leg himself as his only chance to survive; he not only did a good job of self-surgery, but built himself a pegleg and two days later arrived at the rendezvous. They don't come any tougher than that.

Superb horsemen and shrewd horse thieves, Old Bill's band of ten headed west into Southern California and began operations in the lush valleys south of the Tehachapi. Within a week they had rounded up 1,500 head of prime mustangs (interbred Barbs, Arabians and Andalusians), and they soon had seven different bands of irate *rancheros* pursuing them. The raiders headed eastward into the Mojave Desert. They eluded pursuit, but had miscalculated the desert heat. Their moistland-bred "wild ones" soon suffered and the trappers had lost nearly half the herd by the time they crossed the border where a rocky river flowed from the east and merged with the Colorado—and is now called Bill Williams River.

Driving through the mountains of present-day central Arizona they traded off twenty horses here, forty there, to other trappers and Indians for beaver, bearhides and bighorn fleece, then headed through the Indian country for Santa Fe where they sold out.

The celebration which followed filled the jail and soured public relationship. When the time was ripe the original band of mountain men, plus several new recruits, retraced their trail to California. They made a well-calculated sweep through the San Bernardino and San Fernando Valleys and within a month had a herd of 2,000 excellent horses. These they herded back in more favorable weather and made a cleanup through the Rio Grande Mexican settlements, then headed for Fort Bent.

The year 1838 rolled around and it was again the season when desert travel was undesirable, so several of the mountain men, including Joe Meek, teamed up with two border scoundrels known as Captain Jim Kirker and Captain Jim Hobbs. Both had the reputation of being scalphunters for the Mexican Government, receiving from 50 to 500 *pesos* gold for each and every Apache and Comanche scalp they brought in to Governor-General Trias and his sucessor General Carasco. Old Bill wasn't squeamish about killing Indians, especially Apaches and Comanches, but he preferred his own company to that of such an ungodly pair of renegades.

He took Tom "Pegleg" Smith, Jim Pursley and a band of halfbreed *mesteneros* on a leisurely trek through the cool highlands, heading for California. This band made the most successful raid ever on the Central and Southern California *ranchos*, herding back 3,000 head of fine mustangs, and had no trouble disposing of them to the Yavapai, Ute, and Navajo tribes, and the Jicarilla Apaches in northern New Mexico. Back at Bent's Fort Old Bill learned that the price of beaver plews was dropping—the Eastern and European hatmakers were switching to Japanese silk. Some of the traders and trappers were now urging their tribal contacts to bring in gold, silver and turquoise instead of pelts.

Old Bill wasn't worried, but the passing seasons and changing conditions must have brought home the notion that maybe he was getting old. Alone, he headed back up into the Shining Mountains (Rockies) to think it over. He spent several seasons in solitude in the Pagosa

(Continued on page 55)

Bill Williams Mountain, Arizona, with Beaver Dam in the foreground.

He had just one present in the sack—a full quart of tongue-loosener—but it made two ol' cowboys mighty joyous!

By WALT COBURN

The Night Dutch Henry Played Santa Claus

Illustration by Russell from Renner's **Charles M. Russell: Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture,** *Courtesy Amon G. Carter Collection*

BACK in the early days when the big cattle herds from Texas traveled the long trail to Montana, the common cowhand worked for fifteen-twenty dollars a month and grub. In later years he earned the standard wages of forty-a-month. His private horse and bed horse, his saddle and tarp-covered bed and the few personal belongings in his warsack were the only possessions of this homeless rangeland wanderer.

Whatever outfit he worked for was his temporary address, its headquarters ranch or its winter line camp his only home. The spirit of adventure was in his heart and a restless urge to see what country lay across the distant skyline was an intregal part of his wild and reckless nature. For the most part he had been born with that restless urge and it had its initial fulfillment when, as a kid, he rode his first cow pony. And if the kid was lucky he got a job doing odd chores on some ranch. If he was ambitious he got a horse wrangling job on the roundup and kept the cook supplied with wood and water he hauled by the bucket. He helped set up the mess tent and rope corrals, and made himself useful around the roundup camps or at the home ranch, doing his odd chores without being told.

A ranch kid always came in for a lot of rough joshing and put-up jobs from the older cowhands. It was part of the young cowpuncher's rough initiation, and he learned to grin and take it. Or else. If he got too big for his little britches or got sassy, he soon got his ears knocked down. He learned to keep his mouth shut and not to speak out of turn. If he learned his camp and bunkhouse manners and did his work, the cowhands accepted him as one of them. As he grew into his teens and adult years he lived according to the strict but simple code of the working cowhand, and was loyal to whatever cow outfit he worked for.

The forty-a-month cowpuncher was an all-around hand wherever he was put. His knowledge of the many details pertaining to the cattle industry was called "cow savvy." Naturally, the primary knowledge required good horsemanship —a full understanding of a cow horse. A good cowhand was no better than the horse he rode, be it a rope horse or cutting horse, or the horse he rode on a long morning circle.

On a spring calf roundup the cowpuncher dropped off by the wagon boss on the early morning circle would pick up whatever cattle he found. In the bunch there would be a few newborn calves with long wobbly legs. The cowhand would have to take it slow and easy with his drive so that the calves would not become separated from their mammies. Almost invariably the little gatherment would be a mixed herd of cows and calves and steers of all ages, from yearlings to big four-year-olds.

This has reference to the Plains country of Montana in the long ago time of the unfenced free range, where anywhere from five hundred cattle on up were gathered on a morning circle.

In any day's roundup there would be more than twenty-five different brands in the gatherment, and each cowhand was supposed to know every brand and the name of its owner in that section of the cow country, and this required some study on the part of some cowpuncher who had drifted to Montana from Wyoming or the southwestern states of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and was a stranger in a strange land. It went against the new hand's prideful nature to ask questions, so he depended on his cow-savvy and kept his ears and eyes open. More than often the drifting cowhand carried a vest-pocket tally book and in his leisure time of an evening or on day herd he studied the strange brands he had written down.

The forty-a-month cowhand was usually allotted a string of ten horses for his use. In his string would be two or more green-broke broncs, and it was a part of his job to make cow-horses out of them. This took plenty of horse-savvy and cow-savvy.

TO HOLD DOWN a lonesome winter job in some isolated line camp a cowpuncher had to have a knowledge of feeding cattle during the long snowbound months. A line camp consisted of a log cabin and a large cattle shed with a thatched-willow roof. A work team and hayrack and several haystacks of "wild hay"—timothy and bluejoint and tall coulee grass from the river bottomland. Thick slices of hay were whacked off the haystacks with an 8 x 10 hay knife with a wavy bread-knife blade and a double-handle at one end. The hay was then forked onto the hayrack and scattered in a wide circle in front of the cattle shed.

The ice had to be chopped in long narrow troughs in the frozen-over river and beaver dams along the creek. Sand had to be scattered along the ice to prevent weak cows from slipping, causing their hind legs to spread apart. If that happened the cowboy had to tail them up, which required no little amount of skill if the cow-brute was on the prod.

Then when the cattle at the line camp were watered and fed the cowboy would saddle up and ride out to gather any weak cattle that needed feeding. If he found a cow that had dropped a late calf, the calf would be placed across the saddle and taken in to camp, with the bawling cow hooking weakly at the hind quarters of the rider's horse. That part of a cowhand's winter chores was called "rawhiding."

Another important factor connected with wintering in a snowbound line camp was knowing how to ration the grub supply so that it would hold out until the warm Chinook winds in the spring put an end to winter.

As a rule the line camp cowboy butchered a four-year-old beef steer and hung the four quarters of frozen beef high off the ground beyond the reach of wolves and coyotes. That frozen meat lasted a long time, and when it was gone there was always venison for the taking. A young jackrabbit wasn't to be sneezed at. And along about the first of November when a cowboy went into his winter line camp, the tail end of the flights of the Canadian honker geese were heading south. The large flocks would lay over for the night on the banks of the wide Missouri River or along the banks of the beaver dam creeks, and if it were a question of meat the empty-bellied cowpuncher disregarded the rules of sportsmanship regarding wing shots. On foot he "Injuned up" on the herd of geese for a pot shot, lining the head of a big honker in his carbine sights. If he was a good shot and fast he'd wing a couple more, and get the wrinkles out of his belly for a week or so on goose meat.

Ordinarily the big Montana cow outfits would send two men to each line camp, because there was always the chance of one man getting crippled or sick. Judgment and discretion were used in selecting two line camp pardners who would have to spend the long winter months together. There were several important things to consider. Some cowboys were neat and clean around camp; others, slovenly and careless. Some were apt to be lazy and let their pardner do more than his share of the work. Some men were quiet by nature, while others were inclined to be talkative and loud-mouthed. Some were good-natured and easy going. Others were ornery and cranky, or sullen and brooding. Some were touchy and sensitive, a few were quarrelsome and bossy.

All these traits of human nature had to be taken into consideration to avoid friction that might easily erupt in violence, such as free-for-all fights or shooting scrapes. There had been a few killings, and a few isolated cases of "cabin fever," where one line camp pardner went berserk.

FOR THE most part, line camp pardners naturally ran out of conversation during the first few weeks, and settled down into a friendly sort of quietude. Days were short and a lot of work needed to be done in those brief daylight hours. If a man did his share he was tired of a night, ready to bed down after supper and be up a couple of hours before daylight.

While one man cooked breakfast his pardner did the barn chores, cleaning the stalls, feeding and watering the work team and saddle horses. In order to avoid friction, these before-daylight morning chores were alternated from one week to the other.

Old newspapers and well-thumbed magazines were read and re-read, the Boot and Saddle catalogue gone over many times. Thick mail-order catalogues, called "Sheepherder Bibles," furnished additional reading material.

Whiskey and gambling at the home ranch or any line camp was prohibited by the owners. Gambling of any kind could be dangerous and for the most part the old-time cowhand was well aware of that danger. The same was true about keeping a jug of whiskey hid out. Any cowhand found with a jug was fired. A jug of whiskey hidden in the manger was as dangerous as a keg of black powder on a slow fuse. Cowhands did their gambling and drinking in town. On their own time. Regardless.

The Circle C outfit once sent Pryor Smith and Scott Miller to winter together at the Rock Creek line camp on the Missouri River. Both men were top cowhands, soft spoken and quiet, and old-time friends who would share the last tobacco in an nearly empty Bull Durham sack. Give one another the shirt off their backs and the last dollar in their Levi's if the other needed it, and if ever the time came they would risk their lives for each other.

After the first few weeks Pryor and Scott ran out of conversation, and days and weeks passed when they seldom

"Born too soon."

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

L E D T E R S
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

The interior of this ranch house in Montana Territory's Powder River area gives one a good idea of what Miller and Smith's winter quarters might have looked like.

spoke except in line of work. It was a friendly and companionable sharing of silence and free of any shred of friction.

Both men were neat and as fussy as two old maids around camp. The dishes were kept washed, the pots and skillets scoured. The pineboard floor of the sod-roofed log cabin was swept and scrubbed. The lantern chimneys were cleaned and the wicks trimmed every day. Once a week the men bathed in a round galvanized tin washtub and used the hot soapy bath water to launder their dirty shirts and underwear and socks. They shaved on an average of once a week, and trimmed each other's hair with a pair of sheep shears they had found in the cabin and sharpened with a pocket whetstone.

Scott Miller prided himself as a cook. His specialties were beef and venison roasts, mulligan stew with dumplings, and sourdough bread. His dried apple and raisin pies, with flaky sourdough crusts, were beyond description. And because Pryor Smith was a sorry cook by his own admission, Scott prepared all the food. By the same token Pryor willingly did the barn chores morning and night, and kept the horses shod.

Thus both men were wholly content with their shared chores and had no fault to find with each other's personal habits and mannerisms. Scott washed the dirty dishes and scoured the kettles and skillets while Pryor sawed the cordwood and chopped it into proper lengths to fit into the firebox of the small sheet-iron cook stove that kept the cabin snug and warm.

The short daylight hours seldom permitted a noonday meal, so they ate only breakfast and supper. For the most part both men were ahorseback from daylight till dark, rawhiding for cattle that needed feeding.

If a man was to hand pick the whole cow country he could not find a better pair of cowpunchers to share the solitude of the long winter months in a line camp. There was never any sort of argument or quarrel between them.

A city-raised man would perhaps have mistaken the lack of small talk for a brooding grudge between the two men that was apt to explode in sudden violence at any moment. If the city dude were to question them regarding their lack of conversation, the silent men would have been astounded by his ignorance.

"What the hell is there to talk about, Mister?" they would have asked.

SINCE there was no calendar at camp and they had long since lost track of the date, Pryor Smith and Scott Miller had only a vague notion of the approach of Christmas. Not that it mattered. A holiday was just another work day.

On this particular day the sky was clear and while there was no warmth to the sun, its glare on the snow was bothersome as they rode out together into the broken badlands country. Sun glare on snow could cause painful snow blindness but neither man made mention of its potential danger. Neither of them owned sun glasses. They simply squinted their eyes to slits as they searched the surrounding country for sign of a prowling wolf or coyote, or any cow-brute that needed fetching in. Both men carried Winchester carbines and they had already shot ten wolves and a dozen coyotes between them. There was a twenty-five dollar bounty for a wolf pelt and a five dollar bounty for a coyote pelt.

It was nearing sundown when they got back to camp. When Pryor Smith swung down from his saddle to open the wire gate he read the sign on the snow-covered ground.

"Some horsebacker leadin' a packhorse," Pryor said, "come and went while we was gone."

"Sorry we missed him," Scott answered.

"Whoever the grubline rider was," Pryor said as he swung open the gate and led his horse through, "the feller was shore in a hurry to git somewhere."

"Like as not headed for Old Tex's Saloon at Rocky Point," Scott said. "Got a whiff of Old Tex's forty-rod ten miles away. A good drinkin' man's got a bloodhound cheated to hell and gone. I could

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Line camp photographed by L. A. Huffman

do with a snort," Scott added with a grin.

"You taken the words outa my mouth," Pryor said as he swung stiffly back on his horse.

When they unsaddled at the barn Scott headed for the cabin, leaving Pryor to tend to the barn chores. Smoke soon rose from the cabin chimney and the frosted-over windowpane glowed a dull orange from the reflected lantern light within. The shadows of coming night had darkened the stretch of ice on the wide Missiouri River when Pryor finished up and headed for the cabin. "Another day," Pryor told himself as he broomed the snow and horse manure from his overshoes before he went into the welcome warmth of the cabin.

"Merry Christmas, pardner!" Scott Miller stood there in his faded blue flannel shirt and saddle-warped Levi's, holding an amber-hued whiskey bottle in his hand, a wide grin on his whiskered frost-bitten face. "Santy Claws done paid us a visit," Scott explained as he held the bottle aloft. "Hell of a note. Nary a corkscrew in the house."

"Since when does a cowhand need a corkscrew to git a cork outa a bottle of likker?" Pryor asked with a grin as he shed his coat and overshoes and kicked off his black angora chaps. "What you waitin' for anyhow?"

"Just admirin' the label on this here quart of Canadian Club whiskey," Scott said. "It's a cryin' damn shame to rip off that seal. Once it's busted and the cork pulled, it's good night Miss Mitchell! . . ."

Pryor opened the big blade of his jackknife. "Hand over the bottle and quit slobberin!"

Scott smacked a loud kiss on the label, then handed over the bottle. "Trouble with you, Pryor Smith," Scott declared solemnly, "You ain't got no Christmas spirit."

"The only spirits I got ary feelin' for, Scott Miller, is the ninety-proof intoxicating spirits inside this crock."

Pryor carefully inserted the two knife blades on opposite sides of the cork and twisted the knives slowly until the cork came out with a dull plopping sound.

"Age before beauty," Pryor bowed stiffly from the waist as he handed over the bottle.

"Compliments of Dutch John, the saloonkeeper at Landusky," Scott proclaimed solemnly. "Delivered by a horsethief named Dutch Henry. Merry Christmas!" Scott tilted the bottle.

"Here's how, feller!" Pryor Smith waved the bottle in salutation and swallowed three times before he lowered the bottle and set it down on the table.

"How come you know so much, Mister Miller," Pryor rubbed the calloused palm of his hand across his bloodshot eyes that itched from sun glare, "about who sent the crock? Last I heard of Dutch Henry he was makin' horsehair bridles in the Deer Lodge pen."

"Take a squint at that label, Mister Smith. Dutch John wrote his name acrost it in red ink."

Pryor squinted his eyes to read aloud the salutation, which said, "Merry Christmas. Drink hearty, Boys. Your friend Dutch John."

WHEN SCOTT MILLER raised his eyes he pointed to a reward dodger printed in black lettering on a square of coarse white muslin, that was tacked to the door with horseshoe nails holding the four corners.

NOTICE!
$500 REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR THE CAPTURE OF HENRY EUACH (PRONOUNCED YOUCH) ALIAS HENRY STUART. BETTER KNOWN AS DUTCH HENRY, HORSETHIEF AND CATTLE RUSTLER.

Whoever tacked the notice to the door, presumably Dutch Henry, had added another heavy zero, making the reward $5,000. He had used the soft lead of a .45 cartridge for a pencil. And he had printed the following challenge below the last line.

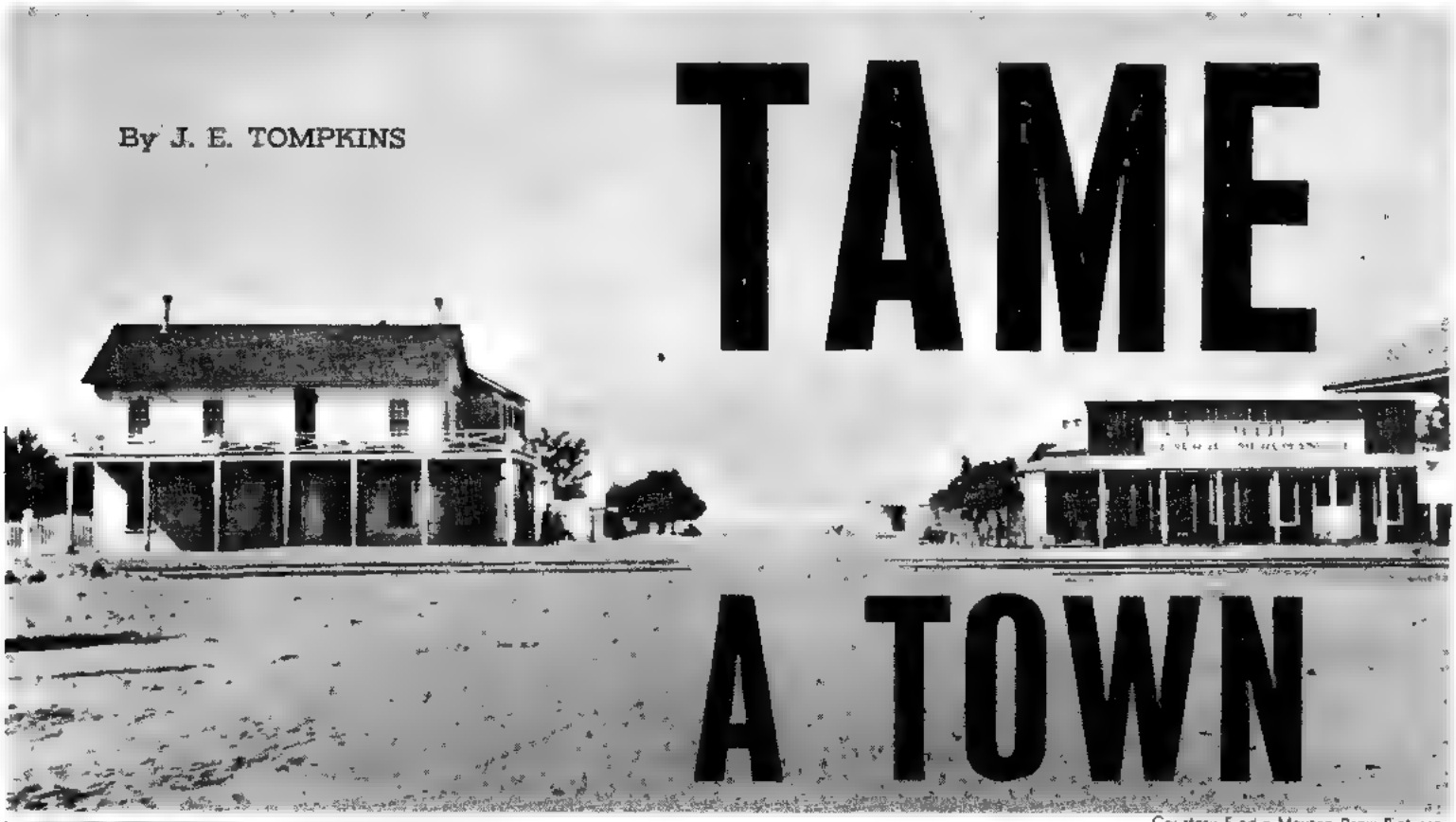
COME GIT ME YOU 2 BIT BADGE POLISHERS

(Continued on page 33)

It's not necessary to kill all its ornery citizens or to take all the fun out of life, as this young lawman instinctively knew

HOW TO TAME A TOWN

By J. E. TOMPKINS



Courtesy Eddie Meysan Drew Pictures

Courtesy Author

Above, Keeler, California, about 1911. The building on the left is the Mates Hotel which was also the stage stop. Across the street, the A. T. Smith General Store can be seen. Left, Dan Thomas at the age of 86.

DEPUTY MARSHAL Dan Thomas looked up from checking over a few "wanted" posters. The rattling of the windows and the flapping noise on the roof made by a loose sheet of galvanized tin meant the wind was coming up. "I must get up there and nail that darn tin one of these days," Dan thought. He gazed out the window and watched a large tumbleweed slowly roll by to join others in the corner of the wire fence where a pile of bottles and rusty cans were half buried in the sand. From his little shack he could look out over the Owens Valley and the I. D. Soda Works where he had worked for a couple of weeks when he first hit town.

Dan had been appointed deputy marshal of Keeler, California, around 1918 when two other deputies had been run out of town by some of the local hoodlums. Dan made it very clear to the county sheriff that he would take the job only if he were given a free hand to clean up Keeler in his own way. And that's the way it was done. In order to learn what really was going on he had taken a job for two weeks at the Soda Works as a common laborer and had mixed with the boys. None of them had suspected he was an undercover officer.

One day he heard of a wild party some of the boys were going to pull off the next pay day. They planned to bring in a few girls from Mojave and a few cases of whiskey and tear the town wide open. It was then that Dan thought he would show his hand, so the next day at lunch time he showed the boys his badge and credentials. He advised the boys not to pull anything rough for he would hate to have to take any of them in; if they wanted to have a wild party, there were plenty of empty shacks out on the desert and away from town. Dan explained he had been hired to calm down Keeler and that was just what he was going to do.

YES, things were a little slow now that he had everything under control. But it was not always that way. Sitting there in his little office, he thought over some of the unpleasant tasks he had had to do. He remembered an undesirable by the name of Carrol Whity, who just wouldn't work or pay his bills and had some of the merchants buffaloed. An all-around no-good bully, he had been up before the justice of the peace so many times the justice was fed up with him. He turned to Dan and said, "Just what shall we do with him?"

"I'll tell you what I am going to do with him," Dan said. "I'm going to give him until sundown to clear out of town or I will come after him and he will wish he had left."

Whity spoke up when he realized he was at the end of his rope. "If you will let me stay in town, I'll get a job, work hard and keep out of trouble."

"If you really mean that, they need help over at the Soda Works on the west side of the Owens Lake," Dan suggested. "You get a job and keep out of trouble and we'll get along just fine."

Whity did go over and go to work; in fact, he worked for a whole year to the day. Then he drew his pay and returned to Keeler, where he got on a bender and told his old drinking pals that he had come back to shoot Dan up. He found Dan standing over Whity who lay there on the floor.

"What a foolish waste of life," Dan said sadly. "All I wanted to do was talk some sense into him."

"Don't feel bad about it," Logan replied. "I'd have done the same thing if I'd been in your spot. Just let him lay, and get some of his friends to come to bury him. No use to hold an inquest."

The sensible people of Keeler knew that Dan did what he had to do, and that was all there was to it, but the hardcases in town looked at it in a different light. To them the law was always in the wrong, and there were some threats on Dan's life. One night soon after Whity was buried, Dan started to go through the batwing doors of the China Hotel. The bar was on the ground floor and it had been one of Whity's hangouts. Quite a few of his drinking pals were there that night. One big fellow, half again as big as Dan, shouted, "Get out of here! You're not wanted!"

"Get out of my way," the marshal answered. "I'm coming in."

The big boy took a swing at Dan, but Dan ducked and drew his .44 and smacked the big fellow alongside his head. He fell to the floor with a little trickle of blood running down his face. Dan turned to the rest of the barflies and toughs and asked, "Do any of the rest of you want to put me out?"

But aside from a few nasty looks, they all went back to their drinking.

friends. On Christmas Eve, while all the children whom Dan's two boys had invited were having the time of their young lives, the marshal just happened to look toward the window and see a man's face peering in. Dan slipped out the kitchen door and came up behind him.

"What are you up to?" he asked.

"I meant no harm," said the man as he turned around. And to Dan's surprise it was the big man he had pistol-whipped at the bar. "You know, Marshal," he said, "I would like to apologize to you for making a fool of myself that night at the hotel. I was drinking or I would have never acted that way. Tonight I was just passing your house on my way to town and saw the Christmas tree and the kids through the window, and I just had to come closer to watch them. I have always been lonesome on Christmas Eve, with no place to go but out with a bunch of drunks. I never knew who my dad was, and my ma was a saloon girl. So long as I can remember I've been in mining camps. I've been on my own since I was ten years old."

"Well," Dan suggested, "why don't you come in and join our party?"

The man said nothing for a minute, then "I'll be right back. I have to go on to town first."

Dan went back in and joined the party and in about half an hour the man showed up with toys and a few boxes of candy and placed them under the tree. Well, the party was a big success and when the children all went home, the big fellow shook Dan's hand and thanked him. On departing, he volunteered, "If you ever need me to help quiet down somebody, just call and I'll come running." After that he and the marshal were good friends.

Keeler had a population of 8,000 of which 500 were Chinese. Most of them worked in the mines, but some had stores, laundries, and restaurants, and one operated a hotel. Joe Yow had a large dugout under his store where the Chinamen gambled. Fan-tan was one of their fa-

Courtesy Author

Freight wagon in Keeler, 1918. In the background is the Tracy store and the terminal for the "Slim Princess" Narrow Gauge Railroad.

Thomas. Some friends of the marshal relayed his threats, so Dan thought he would call on Whity and have a talk with him to find out if he really wanted a shoot-out or if it was just whiskey talk. Whity had moved into a little shack at the edge of town.

As Dan started over to Whity's, someone sent word to Sheriff Logan to come over right away for there was going to be a shoot-out. As Dan neared the cabin, the front door was partly open and he was sure he had seen Whity peek out, but as he came closer the door shut. He knew Whity was inside so Dan called out that he wanted to talk with him. The only answer he got was five slugs through the door. Dan was standing to the side of the door or he would have swallowed a dose of lead. Whity was using a ten-shot automatic.

While Whity concentrated on the front of the house, Dan slipped around to the back door which was partly open. Dan kicked it wide and told Whity to drop his gun. Instead, Whity wheeled around to get off a shot but Dan dropped him in his tracks. Whity fired as he fell but, being off balance, the lead struck the wall a foot over Dan's head. The shooting had stopped when Sheriff Logan pulled

DAN HAD TWO small sons. Joe Yow, the Chinese storekeeper, had a little girl. There was also a little Indian boy in Keeler and where you would see one, you would see all four of them. One Christmas time, Dan drove out into the mountains and found a small juniper. The kids strung popcorn and tinsel of different colors and fixed up some Christmas tree candles. They put cotton at the base of the tree for snow, and Joe Yow furnished candy and lichee nuts for the party. He and Dan were very good

TO UI
UCTION PROHIBITE

Courtesy Del a Dearborn Smith P ctures, Eastern Cal forn a Museum

Inyo Development Company where Thomas worked as an undercover officer.

vorite games. If a fight started they never called the law, they settled their own disputes. That was just fine with Dan.

As the marshal sat in his little office that day, reminiscing and looking out the window across the dry soda flats, he was brought back from his thoughts by a knock on his door.

"Come in, it's unlocked," he called and in walked Sheriff Logan.

The big man sat down and fanned himself with his hat. "That wind is sure hot," he remarked.

"Sure is," agreed Dan. "I've just been watching little dust devils doing their skip dance down there on the dry lake bed. I'll bet a real strong wind is in the making before the day is over."

Sheriff Logan listened to the roof rattle. "When you going to nail down that loose tin on your roof?"

"I can't get up there now, the wind would blow the ladder over. And you know the old saying—when the wind isn't blowing, I don't think of it," replied Dan. "Well, Sheriff, what do I owe the honor of your visit to? You just didn't drop in to tell me the roof rattled. Or do you have some poor old bootlegger in mind for me to pick up?"

"You're wrong on both counts," said Logan. "I've had quite a few complaints of sacks of gold ore being stolen over in Shepherds Canyon."

Every small mine owner over there hauled or packed his sacks of ore to the main road where they were picked up once a week and brought to Keeler, then shipped on the narrow gauge to Sparks, Nevada. From there the ore was hauled on the regular run to Salt Lake City to be processed.

"It seems each time the freight wagon picks up the ore, a sack here and there is missing," Logan said. "The miners claim that they are never hit at the same place twice in a row so they can't stay there and watch their sacks of ore. They have to keep on working to keep bacon and beans on the table. I'd like to have you ride over there with me and see what we can find out."

The next day they rode over the mountains to Shepherds Canyon to have a talk with the miners, all of whom told the same story. One time they would lose one sack and then another time a couple of sacks. All seemed to think it had to be one of themselves who was doing the stealing—changing it to other sacks and shipping it with their own ore.

The two officers had nothing to go on and were just about to call it a day when they spotted a lone miner's cabin up the canyon. "Let's see if we can find out anything up at that shack," Sheriff Logan said. So they drove up to it. At the front door a miner was looking them over as they got out of the sheriff's car. The miner seemed a little nervous.

As they walked toward the door, he called out, "What brings you up here, Sheriff?"

"Why," said Logan, "I've come to pick up the fellow that's been stealing the ore down in the canyon."

The miner didn't say a word. He just stepped behind the door and pulled a .44 from the holster that hung on the wall. He put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. At the report of the gun, both officers drew and rushed the door —but all they found was the miner on the floor, gasping for his last breath.

"Well," mused Logan, "this about wraps up the case. He must have thought we had him dead to rights and he didn't want to face a miners' jury. Poor devil, all he had to do was answer a few questions and he would still be alive, but I guess he just panicked."

After they put the corpse in the back of their Ford, they looked around to see if they could find out anything about him. They searched the cabin and mine shaft but found nothing—not even any of the stolen ore sacks. All they discovered were three silver dollars on the body and none of the other miners in the canyon even knew his name or where he came from. He had stayed to himself and never mixed with the others. So the officers took the body back to Keeler for burial at the county's expense. Somewhere around his cabin he must have hidden his money, for his death put a stop to the ore stealing. They had found the right man all right.

ONE DAY Death Valley Scotty stopped by Dan's office to notify him that an old miner had passed away in his cabin over in what is now the ghost town of Ballarat in Panamint Valley. The only name he was ever known by was just "Judge." Old Judge was a good friend of Dan's from back in the days when Ballarat was a good mining town.

Scotty said, "I stopped by to say hello to Judge and I found him dead in his bunk. Don't know how long he has been dead but he is puffed up and smells to high heaven."

At this time Dan was acting as coroner as well as deputy marshal. Scotty said on leaving, "I surely don't envy you your job."

Dan put a shovel, pick, and a piece of canvas in his car and took off for Ballarat. When he arrived at Judge's cabin it was really hot. As he opened the door, the odor just about floored him but he went in and opened up the windows and the back door. Then he went outside and waited for the air to clear a little. As the cabin only had a dirt floor, Dan decided to dig a shallow grave and roll Judge into it. He dug it alongside the bunk and spread part of the canvas in the bottom. Then he took the pick and

Courtesy Clara Logan Parratt

Sheriff Frank Logan

rolled the old boy from the bunk. The other half of the canvas was pulled over him and dirt shoveled in. It seems like a rough way to bury a friend, but there was no choice.

Dan went outside for some fresh air. When the air cleared up a bit he returned to the cabin and looked through Judge's effects but could find nothing to indicate he had kinfolks. While looking around, however, Dan found a pile of trash in one corner. Under it was a can full to the top with five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. Dan went outside and counted them, and there was exactly $2,000 in that can. The money was turned over to the sheriff's office and in turn he delivered it over to the state, as no one showed up to claim it. Some of the boys told Dan he should have kept the gold for himself but Dan shook his head. "I might be a lot of things but one thing I'm not—I wouldn't steal a dead man's gold."

Dan said the first time he knew the old man, Judge and his partner were hard rock miners and lived in this same cabin in which he died. The two partners got the idea they would save up their money and start a saloon in their cabin. It would beat mining all to pieces. So they worked long and hard and saved every cent they could. Judge had a little money to begin with, and when they figured they had enough capital they rented a four-horse team, wagon and trailer and drove to San Pedro for a load of whiskey, wine, and beer. All during the long trip there and back they didn't drink a drop on the road until they pulled up to the saddleback where the Argus and Slate range of mountains meet. There they could see Ballarat about six miles down on the desert floor. It was then that Judge pulled the team off to the side of the road, turned to his partner and said, "There's good old

(Continued on page 46)

Street scene in Keeler, 1912, photographed by A. A. Forbes who had a studio in Bishop at the time.

Courtesy Elodie Meysan Drew Pictures

PHANTOM

Old engraving of the capture of the stallion in the Wind River Mountains.

STALLION

The only time the horse let himself be caught was when he needed to be caught— so man could undo the infernal damage some other man had inflicted on him!

By CHARLES McADAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

BIG, BLUSTERY squawman Joe Gallagher took no stock whatever in the Indians' superstition that capturing the "phantom" meant immediate bad luck. With the help of his half-breed cohorts he took the sixteen-hands, glossy-maned, brown stallion in Wyoming's Wind River Mountains in July of 1872. There were some old saddle marks on him, but Gallagher had expected this as the beautiful animal had once been a racehorse of renown.

He was pleasantly surprised when the horse offered no pitching or acting up the first time saddled. On the contrary, the horse was so gentle that within a few days he would eat grain and salt out of Gallagher's hand. The squawman figured the stallion had become mean and forced to go wild because of mistreatment by former owners.

The band of trappers and mountain men with their squaws and children went down to Salt Lake City. They had a little gold and several fairly good horses to bargain with for necessary winter supplies. They camped on a creek between a Mormon settlement and the Wasatch Mountain foothills.

Gallagher's Cheyenne wife had taken to handling the gentle brown stallion at times. One sundown the trapper rode in from Salt Lake much the worse for too much valley tan (crudely distilled grain whiskey). His wife led his stallion from camp toward a temporary pole and brush corral used for penning the stock at night.

At the rope gate she unsaddled the stallion and slipped off the headstall. Suddenly the horse jerked free of the bits, at the same time uttering a high pitched scream and rearing upward. Both forefeet smashed down on the Cheyenne woman, crushing her to death against the ground. Wheeling out, screaming again, the stallion disappeared into the foothills.

With the first light of morning Gallagher and three trailers took up the stallion's tracks. The horse had turned killer and the trapper intended to shoot him on sight. But in the highest and roughest part of the Wasatch Mountains, his sign was lost. Several days were spent trying to pick up the tracks for Gallagher was full of rage and grief over the loss of his wife. Indian women might be easy to come by, but he happened to love this one.

The Indians and half-breeds with him uneasily pointed out that the stallion was bewitched and possessed by an evil spirit. The animal was most surely better left to go his way. Gallagher let the matter rest there, although promising himself that if he ever came within rifle range of the stallion again he would kill him.

GENERALLY considered a phantom horse, the brown stallion had been stolen from a settler in eastern Kansas. In that region he had been famous as a young racehorse. Close coupled, he was chunky of build and corded with long muscles.

The Kiowa Indians who stole the stallion did not keep him long before raiding Cheyennes took him off their hands. Unable to tame or do much with him the latter sold him to the Utes. The Snakes, enemies of the Utes, mounted a raid against them in the Uintah Mountains. Capturing the stallion along with many ponies they drove him north into the Wind River Valley after the bloody battle.

The stallion was reputed to have killed two Indians who tried to ride him. Shortly thereafter he escaped into the wilds. Indians saw him frequently in the valley and up in the rugged mountains with his own *manada*.

The Snakes did not try to recapture or shoot him. They said that an evil spirit protected and guided him, and that it would be dangerous to molest the stallion. Their tales spread to surrounding Indian tribes who also let the stallion strictly alone. It was from them that Gallagher first heard about him. After seeing this beautiful animal he set out to take him, and did.

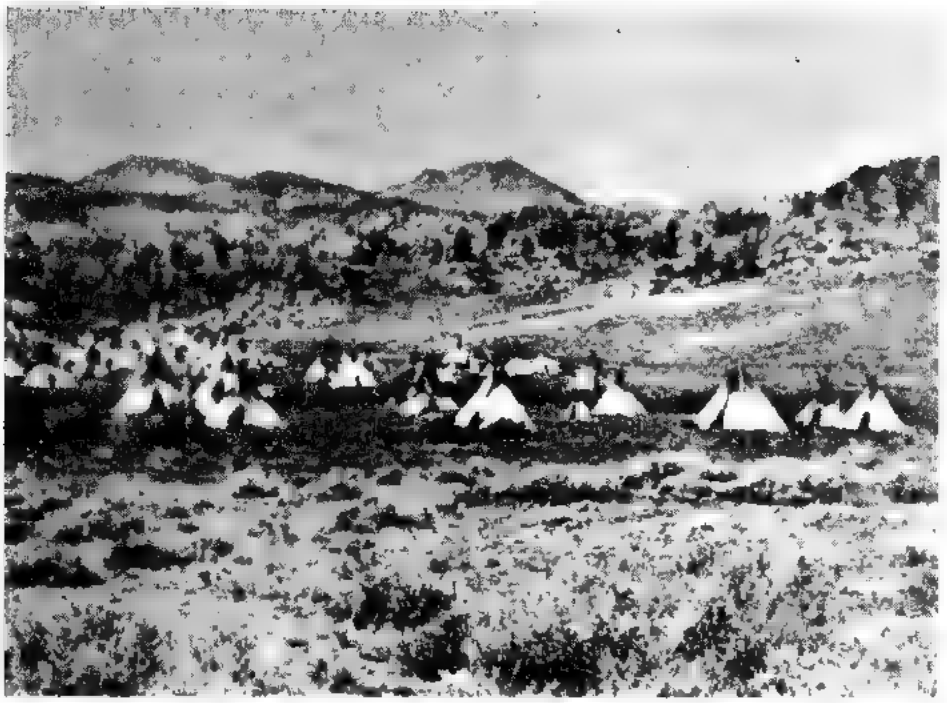
A year or so following the Salt Lake tragedy, Gallagher returned to the lower Wind River Valley. The first thing he heard was that the stallion again roved his former stamping grounds. About this time Major James S. Brisbin established a cavalry camp in the lower Wind River Valley. Indians in larger numbers were coming down this natural gateway to raid immigrants on the Oregon Trail. Protection for them was absolutely necessary for the red tribes threatened to cut off the traffic altogether.

Major Brisbin, better known as "Grasshopper Jack," soon became interested in the tales of the beautiful phantom horse. By that time so much fanciful material had been added to the many accounts that few people credited the existence of such a horse.

Happening along at an opportune time, Gallagher met Major Brisbin north of the Oregon Trail. When questioned the trapper assured him that the stallion was not only real but that he had once captured the horse to his sorrow.

On return to his command Major Brisbin requested the mountain men to keep a sharp lookout. He also dispatched Arapaho Indian scouts to try locating the stallion's habitat. In about two months he heard that the horse ranged with his *manada* around Buffalo Bull Lake to the north. Scouts under command

Old Fort Bridger where Major Brisbin's command marched from the Wind River Valley.



Cheyenne camp in Wind River Valley.

of a lieutenant, and a large band of Arapahos, not the least superstitious about the horse, were dispatched to capture him.

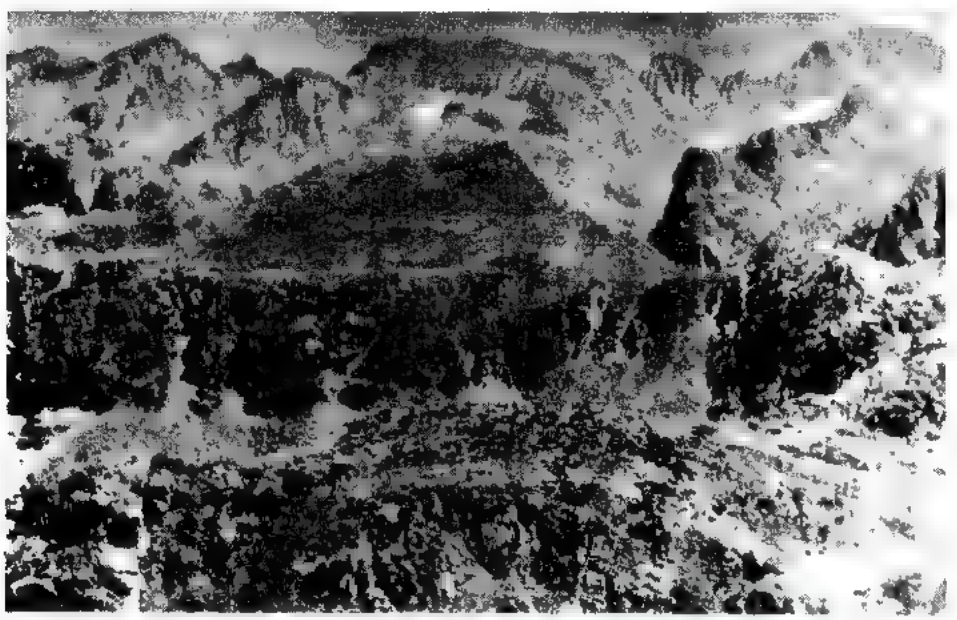
The Arapahos were noted wild horse hunters. Concealing their presence in the area as much as possible, they occupied strategic positions. Before long they observed the stallion, mane and tail shining in the sun, guarding the van of mares down to water at the lake. Closing in eagerly, the Arapahos waited for him to take a turn at watering. As soon as the mares filled they drifted back toward the grass-covered hills with their colts.

Surprisingly, the stallion did not approach the lake at all. Perhaps he had picked up man scent on the brisk wind. As he began drifting cautiously away, head held high, the Arapahos broke cover. The reckless and furious chase did not last long. Easily outdistancing pursuit, the speedy stallion escaped into the foothills, thence into the Wind River Mountains.

Thereafter the Arapahos spotted him on high cliffs and hill crests, a wily, wary beast that excited all men. Slowly they wore him down by chasing him from waterholes and grassy flats. Over a period of weeks they figured out where he moved in the silent hours of the night. Lone Indians hid along the trail with ready ropes. According to plan if he came close enough they would cast; otherwise, he would be spooked on to the next one lying in wait.

ONE MOONLIGHT night the stallion cautiously descended a hill trail alone. At the foot, picking up man scent, his head swung in that direction. Down-

Wind River Mountains of old Wyoming.



wind on his blind side an Arapaho raised up and whined a rawhide *reata* through the air. It went true over the short ears and shapely head. As it fastened around the arched neck, the successful roper tied the stallion fast to the bole of a tree.

His jubilant yell rang out as the horse fought and futilely plunged about, creating a great noise while fighting desperately to free himself. The triumphant summoning of others had been unnecessary, for the stallion's angered screaming echoed afar through the night. Indians, running in to help, wasted no time fastening on more ropes. The horse was thrown and hogtied. In that condition he lay helpless until the next hot afternoon when he was allowed up and was taken into camp fighting every step of the way.

The very same kind of torture which had made him an outlaw was employed by the Arapahos to subdue him. He was cruelly beaten with clubs, rope-choked senseless, and starved. Such cruelty only made him seemingly weak and barely able to hobble about.

While the stallion was in this deplorable, half-alive condition, a young Indian declared one morning that he would ride him. A rope was fastened to the lower jaw and a high saddle cinched down. When the rider mounted, securing himself aboard, the holding ropes were taken off. The stallion came feebly unwound, dashing only a few yards in a very faint spirit of resistance. As he slowed almost to a stop the Indians decided he could neither buck nor run far. The horse's spirit had been broken for good. Jubilantly, the rider headed him out of camp. When the foothills came into the stallion's sight he suddenly leaped into a wild dash for them. Before the other mounted Arapahos in camp could get started, the horse and its rider vanished into the hills.

Trackers soon lost the trail. To other Indians, such as the Snakes, Nez Percés, Crows and Blackfeet, this wasn't surprising. Possessed of evil, the stallion owned magic powers.

That night the badly stove-up rider hobbled into camp. Deep inside the hills near the mountain base the stallion had suddenly started pitching hard. This display of great and unexpected strength stunned the rider. Suddenly the horse slipped down and rolled over. That disposed of the Indian in the saddle. For awhile the Arapahos were a little uneasy that there might be some truth in the assertion of other tribes that the stallion possessed magic powers.

Nez Percé Chief Looking Glass, while visiting Major Brisbin, declared, "No good come of capturing that horse. Bad medicine. More better leave him alone."

FOUR MONTHS passed before the stallion was seen again. A squawman reported him haunting the upper reaches of the river, once more heading a wild band of mares. The rawhide *reata* had worn off, but the broken saddle, now turned under his belly, still hung on. When Major Brisbin was informed of this the Arapaho scouts were sent out

(Continued on page 62)

**Only the shrouds of the slain were different.
One wore the clay of a well;
his murderers, the pale bark of a mesquite**

NO MERCY SHOWN; NO MERCY ASKED

By HOMER WILKES

Illustrated by Richard M. Moore

DAVE KING stood in the bottom of a well, 130 feet below the earth's surface, shoveling dirt into a bucket. When the bucket was full he shouted, "All right!"

Dave watched the rope straighten, become taut, quiver a few seconds, then assume the rigidity of a steel rod as his partner on the surface cranked the windlass. The bucket of earth rose slowly from the well bottom, passed Dave King's head, and continued moving silently, leisurely upward.

The bucket out of his way, Dave grasped a steel bar and started digging again. He was conscious of creaking sounds made by the loaded windlass, and of clunking noises as the pawl bounced over the ratchet teeth far above. After a few minutes all sounds from above ceased indicating his partner Dan (last name unknown) had emptied the bucket and was waiting for the signal to lower it again for another load.

Suddenly Dave heard a shot. He stopped digging and looked up. A body was falling head first down the well. Dave flattened himself against the well side an instant before the body of his partner landed at his feet.

There was a hole at the base of the skull where a bullet had entered the head. Dave seized the left shoulder and turned the body far enough that he could see Dan's face. Most of it was gone, and what remained was so gory that one feature could not be distinguished from another. Blood flowed profusely from the

(Continued on page 50)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROSPECTING in the THIRTIES

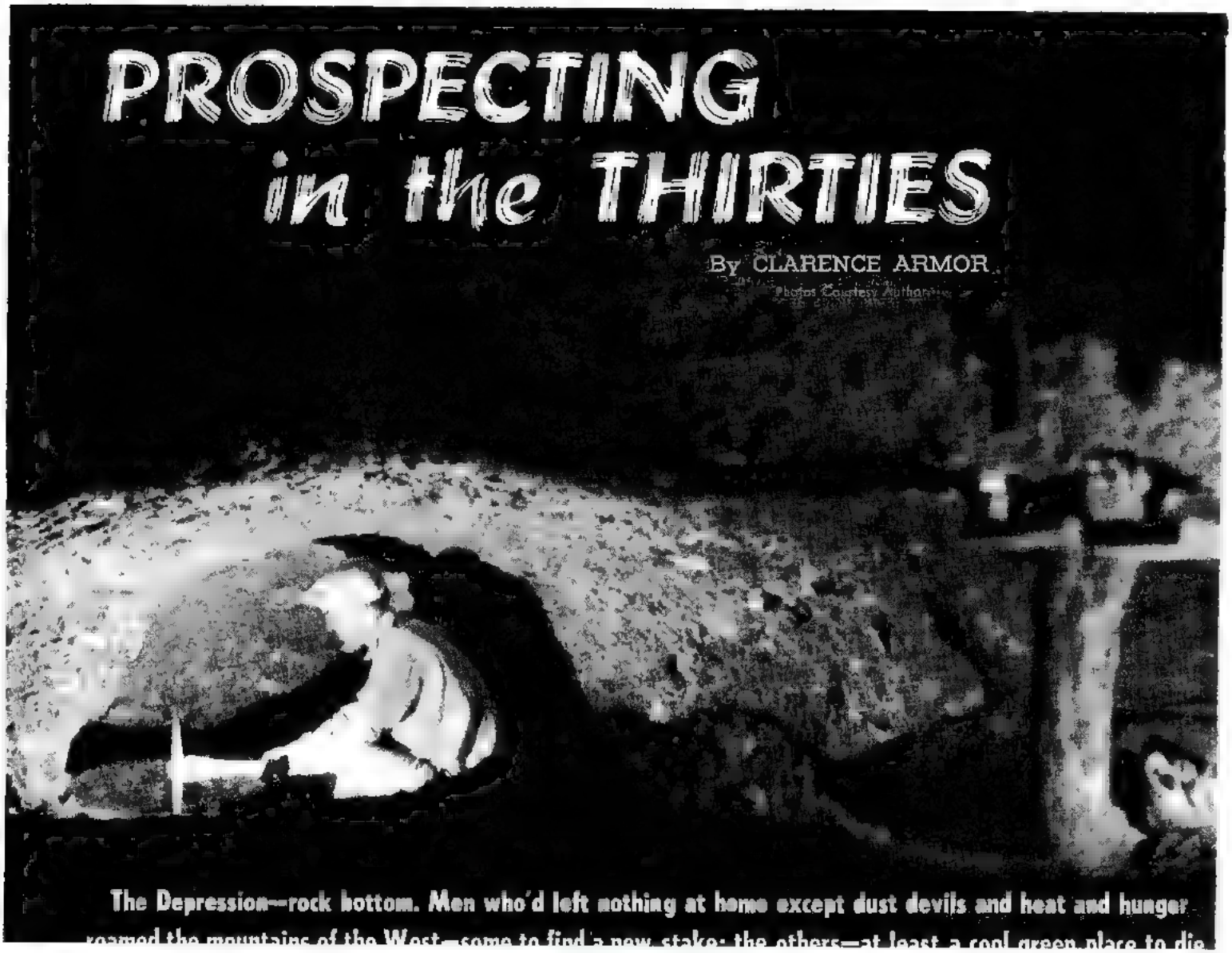
By CLARENCE ARMOR

Photos Courtesy Author

SOUTHERN Oklahoma in the early thirties—not the best of times. In the midst of the worst depression our country has ever known and one of the worst drouths—twelve years and getting drier all the time—early spring and the grass already dead and black blizzards rolling in from the northwest every few days. So my dad and I decided to go placer mining for gold out in the mountains.

We didn't know what mountains, or where, or how to placer mine but we didn't have anything to lose for we were carpenters and small-time building contractors without anything to build. Anyone with a steady job making twenty-five dollars a week for fifty hours' work was a wealthy man. About one fourth of the people had nothing to do. Most of the rest lived on part-time work at five or ten dollars per week. But there was a

Left, a typical rocker washer used when water is scarce. The man in the photo was a jeweler turned miner during the depression. Below, photo of the author taken at the time of the story and made by the light of a single carbide lamp.



The Depression—rock bottom. Men who'd left nothing at home except dust devils and heat and hunger roamed the mountains of the West—some to find a new stake; the others—at least a cool green place to die

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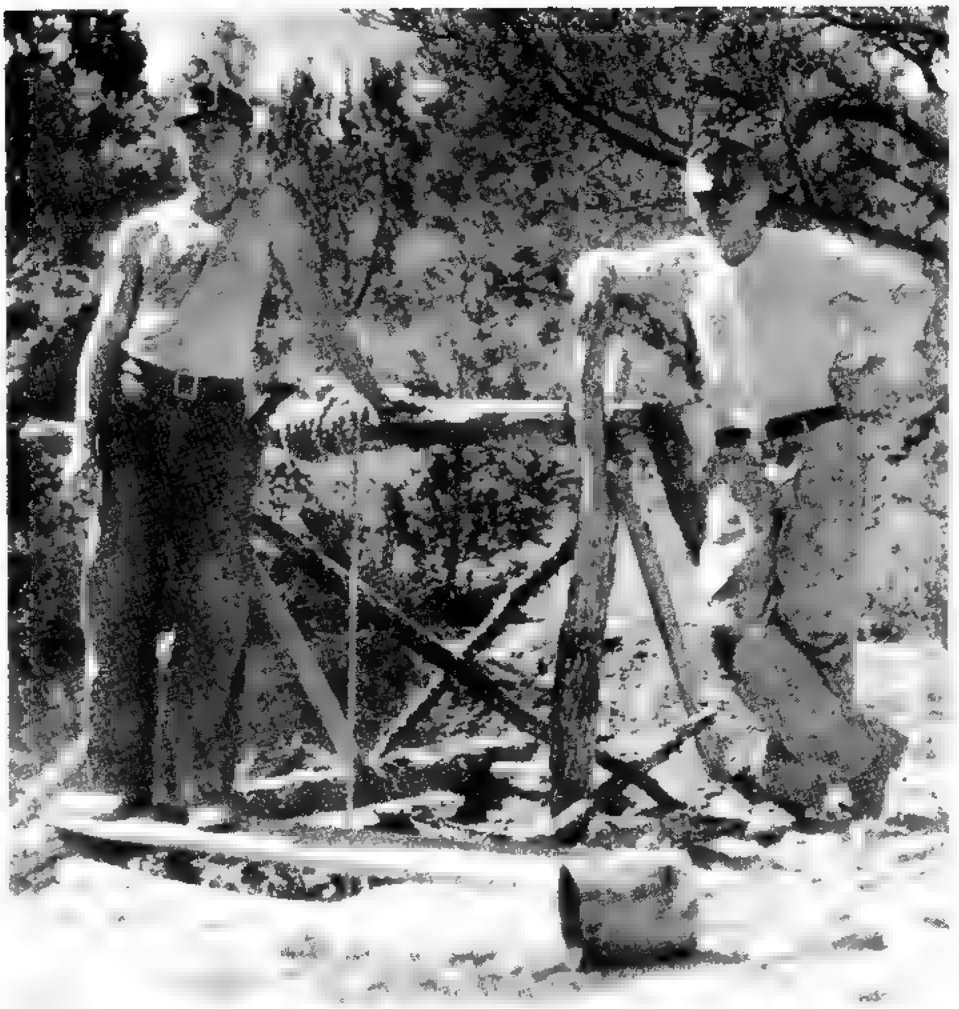
spirit of friendship among people that I would like to see again.

I had a 1928 Model "A" coupé, a single seater which you might say we saddled up and rode off on. If you can find one, examine an old Model "A"—especially the little trunk—and figure how we took enough stuff to stay up in the hills nearly four months without going to town but once. I unbolted the spare tire carrier, which hung out in the fresh air, and put the spare in the trunk. That left very little room but it did give me enough to bolt a chuckbox on the back end, with a lid that let down to make a cooking and eating table.

We put all the smaller articles possible in the trunk and let down the lid. We folded our blankets inside a small umbrella tent till the bundle fitted the top of the trunk lid, then lashed it down with a sort of a diamond hitch to eye bolts I had drilled into the side of the car.

The last thing we loaded was the most important—a five-gallon can of water. That just about stumped me. I finally set it in the right running board and wired a hook from the bottom door hinge to the handle of the can. It rode there for two summers (yes, we went back the next year) from the Mexican border to northern New Mexico and Arizona without falling off, and saved our lives too many times to forget.

On the way across the plains of West Texas and eastern half of New Mexico, I do not remember a single patch of green—anything growing. It was almost unbelievable. Even most of the trees were dead, or looked dead. Any time of the day you could count from three to ten whirlwinds twisting a thousand feet into the



Above, a couple of neighboring miners. Notice the power-operated windlass—the miner furnished the power! Below, the miners' kitchen and dining room.

The placer washer. Left to right: A miner friend, the author, his partner and the author's dad. In the background, a Model-T and the camp of an old man who worked by himself.

metallic sky. Here and there a cow lay withered on the grassless dust. The owners seldom bothered to even skin them as the hides were of such little value. Buzzards had more than they could handle. The dead cows sort of mummified in the intense heat.

When we finally pulled up in the cool green hills of the Jicarilla Mountains it seemed like another world. We didn't want to go back down. But we didn't get there that easy.

THERE WAS practically no pavement of any kind. On one stretch of road running southwest toward Roswell, New Mexico—about 125 miles—there was only one filling station with a necklace of boiling cars circled around it begging for water and something to fix busted tires. (We were one of the beads in the necklace.)

The road was of white gravelly caliche with a few big rocks mixed in for fun. Any car ahead of you left a fog of white dust that had to be choked through blind. And washboard roads! There was no speed slow enough that the car didn't dance like a trip hammer, with the tail end to the right, then to the left—anyway except behind the front end. I shook off all four brake rods; they snapped in half, stuck in the ground and curled up like spaghetti. We crept into Roswell in low gear, killing the engine where necessary as a brake, and practically dragging a foot to help the car stop. There I bought four new brake rods and snubbed them with strips of rubber innertube to reduce vibration. That helped, because it was a good ways along before I shook them all off again. Anyway the cost of the rods reduced our starting capital of thirty dollars.

From Roswell we dived head-first down Picacho Hill to the Hondo Valley—it seemed vertical then, before the bulldozers chewed out big chunks in later years. Then up the Hondo and the Bonito through Old Lincoln Town to the top of the divide where we could see down into the Tularosa Basin, this to be our "diggin's" for the next two summers. This basin or valley, maybe 150 miles long by 50 wide, is rimmed by timbered mountains with the "Malpais" or bad lands down the middle. Shattered lava, white sands, gyp marshes—just about like it must have been at the beginning of the world.

It is in this basin that Eugene Manlove Rhodes lived and worked, and of this area that he wrote for twenty years. While we were mining on the north rim of the basin, Gene Rhodes was buried in the Lonely San Andres Mountains with a simple headstone: "Paso Por Aqui."

This we didn't know, for we had no newspapers, no radio, no nothing.

But we still hadn't got there. We stopped in Carrizozo, a little town in the basin, and looked about us. To the south the mountains were bigger and heavier timbered but someone told us that to the north a "bunch of boys" were placering in the Jicarillas, so we turned up that way. These mountains weren't very impressive looking, more like rolling hills, but a lot higher than they looked because they started on high ground at their base.

We followed the dirt road north along the railroad to a little whistle-stop called Ancho. There we went in a small "combination" store and asked about something to eat. "Why shore, boys, set down at the counter there and I'll fix you up." He didn't ask what we wanted, just went hustling around, brought out some clean plates, two cans of sardines, some sliced wedges of yellow cheese, a box of crackers and a can of tomatoes. I've never tasted anything so good.

The store owner was so friendly I began to feel a little better. I had begun to wonder what in the devil we were doing out here anyhow. (It was about four times as far out there then as it is now—the world has got smaller.)

I asked him how you got started mining—did you have to have a claim—would the other miners run you off—and a lot of other questions. "Naw, they don't care. Just pick a spot where there ain't anybody, and start digging. If you need something to work with you can borrow it from some of the boys." And sure enough you could. That is the spirit of mutual help that I mentioned before; we were all in the same boat, about two-thirds starved out.

WE PULLED a seven-mile grade up to the diggin's and when we got on top there was a little store about twelve feet square. Quite a few rough looking characters were coming and going. Being only about twenty-five years old at the time, I made a first impression mistake and took them for a bunch of bums. I told my dad I didn't like the deal. He, having more sense, said, "No, they're all right—you wait and see."

It took me several weeks to tell the difference. These guys might need a haircut and a few were pretty whiskery, but their patched overalls were clean and they had life and spirit and optimism, without which you don't do any placer mining. And their eyes would sparkle as they told stories and dreamed around the campfire at night. Look at a city washout's eyes and you will see a lifeless glaze; *there* was the difference. These men were only about four bits away from starvation but they were not afraid.

It was getting late so we pitched our tent near an old crusty juniper with a stump handy on which to set a wash basin. Then we cooked supper, set the army cots in the tent and went to bed—and just about froze all night. When we got up in the morning the water in the pan was solid ice; I was too. Even though it was early spring, all the way across the drouth-ridden flat country the weather had been bloody hot. It took a little time to get used to the difference. (The next night we stacked the cots outside and got down on the canvas floor. That was lots better.)

The very first morning I found out how you placer mine for gold. There wasn't anything about this placer field like I had imagined. The idea that you dug nice pretty sand along the edge of a sparkling mountain stream and panned it out in a gold pan didn't hold true. In the first place there weren't any streams. Lack of water was the major handicap to the whole field. The hills were creased with creek valleys called gulches: Ancho Gulch, Spring Gulch, West Gulch—such as that, but most of them had fairly smooth bottoms of tight soil covered with shinnery and grass. Up closer to the peaks it was rougher but still there was no water even though it showered two or three times every afternoon during the summer.

We started up one of the gulches and could see little groups of men for a mile up the gulch, hoisting dirt out of holes, working at their rockers or cleaning up. We approached one of the men who was squatted by the side of a cut-open barrel with a panful of black sand, gradually working the sand over the lips of the pan. He was cleaning up his "rocker run." I was rather hesitant about speaking to a guy working gold; I thought he might be suspicious or something. But he motioned toward a pile of dirt and said, "Hi, boys, come on up and set down." So we did.

He immediately quit work and sat on another pile of dirt and started talking. "You boys do any placering?"

"Nope, we're new out here."

"You want to see some gold?"

Well, we sure did.

"Here, feel this pan."

I took the pan of sand and nearly fell on my nose. It must have weighed twenty-five pounds. The pan was sixteen inches in diameter. The black iron sand in it was the "concentrate" from two or three hours of washing in the rocker. He took the pan back and worked a good while in a tub of water washing it down. Then, with a few spoons of water in the pan he started a skillful flicking of the pan and walked the gold dust out from under the streak of black sand, then lapped the water up on the black sand till it was washed back and over the rim of the pan, leaving a little streak of gold dust in the crease of the pan. He handed the pan back to me. "Well, here's some gold—not much but at least some bean money."

Maybe if this had been a big money field the attitude of the miners might have been different but, as it was, during the eight months spent there I never knew of any bickering or fighting. It was an old field, reborn of the depression. An estimated 300 or more men scratched out a living. Due to the lack of water it had never been worked out so there was always a chance that tomorrow—such is the spirit of miners.

Years later I read an engineer's report on this district. He said the source of the gold was a multitude of knife-blade veins in the country rock that caused a diffusion of placer gold everywhere—on top of the hills, down in the gulches, even in the middle of the little winding roads. The veins were so narrow and unpredictable it wasn't practical to mine the hard rock. However, some were incredibly rich to be a quarter-inch wide, filled with splintered quartz and free gold.

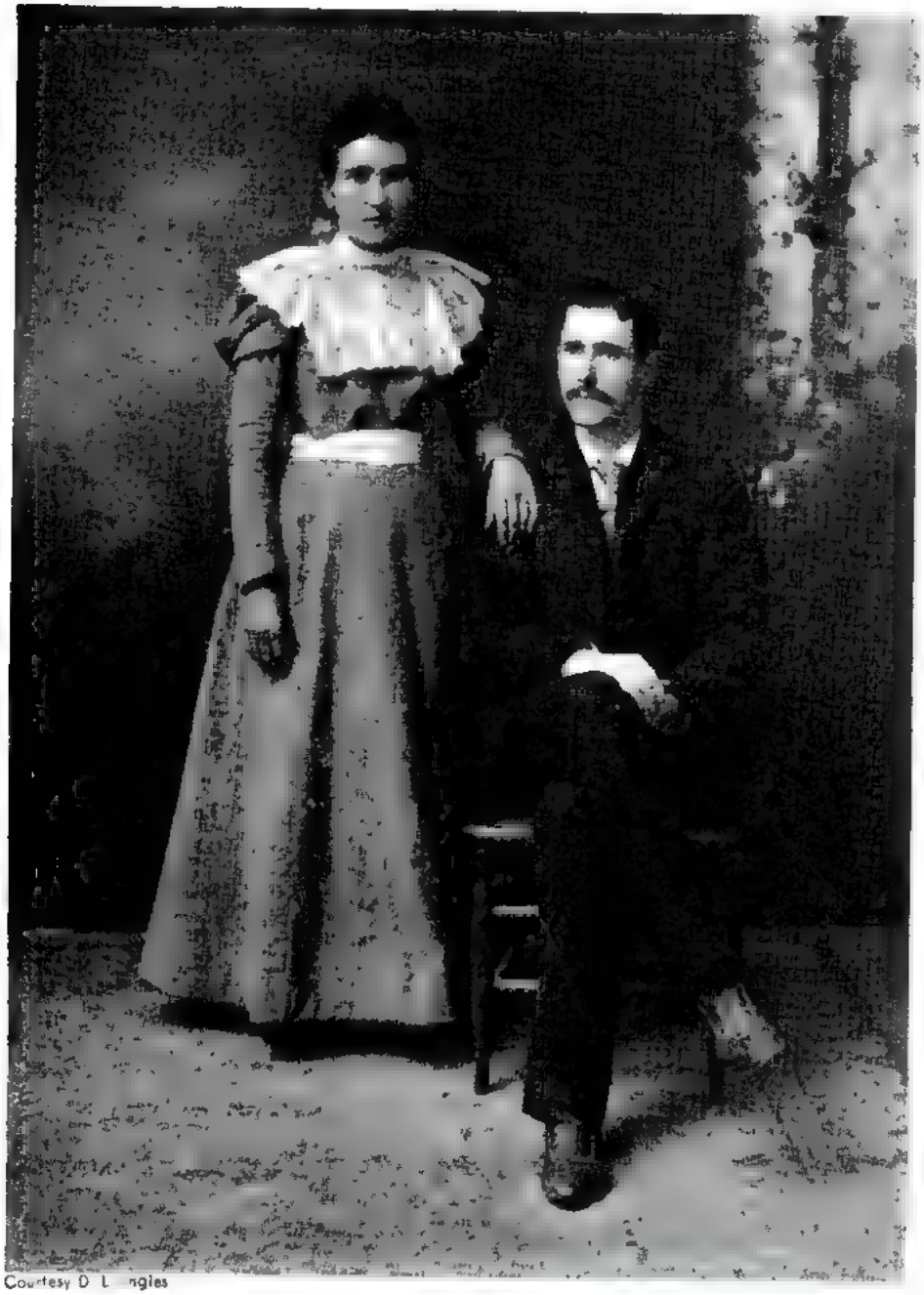
Just a few miles away across the ridge somebody had made a jillion dollars from the little veins and caused the hell for tootin' boom town of White Oaks, before they lost the pay. That had been long years ago and it must have lasted a good while because even then there were a lot of fancy decorated brick buildings still there, including a residence that was nearly a castle. In the early thirties there were only two or three old nesters left. One of them showed me a split open sample of one of those little knife-blade veins that he swore assayed $185,000 per ton. Even allowing for a high grade sample and about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of optimism, it was still a beautiful sight—a network of wire gold

(Continued on page 64)

Above, the Lincoln Forest entrance to the Jicarillas from Ancho. Below, Big Slim McDonald (right) and his partners.

MONEY GRUBBING Should Be Kept

Just making a living won't usually hurt a fellow, but trying to "amount to something" can frazzle the brain, overheat the blood, and paralyze a man's laugh muscles for good!



Courtesy D L ngles

IN MY late twenties, I begun to think serioua about where I was going in life. The only time I ever bothered about such silly worries was this period, for I found it don't specially pay. You got to love money a terrific lot to make any large amount of it, like Mr. Kempton, who was so generous to his help and died crazy and practically broke; and Judson, with a much smaller outfit, who died a rich man, as did my later boss, Mr. O. B. Collins of the Hillsborough, Oregon Light and Power Company.

When I was manager of the electric plant in Hillsborough, Mr. Collins delegated me to go to Portland every Saturday to bring back the payroll in gold and silver, which made quite a sum of money. One Saturday evening I come up five dollars short. Well, me and Mr. Collins and his son spent about two hours on our hands and knees around that office looking for the gold piece and couldn't find it.

"Have to deduct it from your wages," Mr. Collins says.

"Go ahead and deduct it," I says, which was done.

Never thought much about it, although with the wages I drawed then, ninety dollars a month, it made some difference. Those days, like now, we rolled up our overalls and sewed 'em up the right length to fit. 'Bout four months later—I was married at the time—my wife was looking over my overalls seeing whether they was fit to mend or should be throwed away. When she rolled down the cuffs, out jumped that five-dollar gold piece.

Another time O. B. got to auditing books and come out a penny short. Went back over his books, working with his son and the bookkeeper and his daughter, and still that penny short. Next they went over my accounts for about the fifth time, because they figured it must be somewhere in my money. At that time I was trouble-shooting for them in a town named Heppner, and had an expense account. They was sure they'd find it somewhere in my expense account.

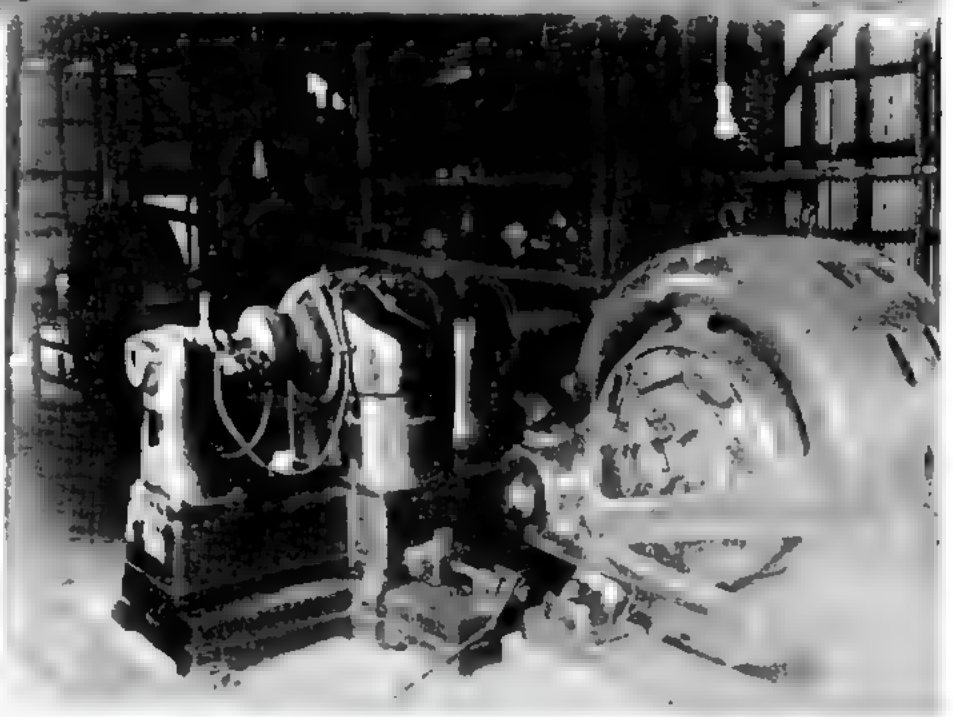
Left, Reno's wedding picture, June 28, 1898.

in Its Place!

By RENO "DAD" INGLES
as told to RICHARD SUMMERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy D. Ingles



Reno installed several steam-generated electric plants while working for the Gates Pipe Company, Hillsboro (Hillsborough). A wagon above carries part of an engine to be installed in a plant in Heppner. Reno is the man in the center. Right, the generating plant that Reno installed and took care of in Hillsboro. Reno is on the right.

I says, "I'm sure it ain't my mistake, but let me give you a penny and balance the damn books. It's too much trouble."

"No," says O. B. Collins. "We're here to keep books and keep them straight. Don't mind the trouble in the least."

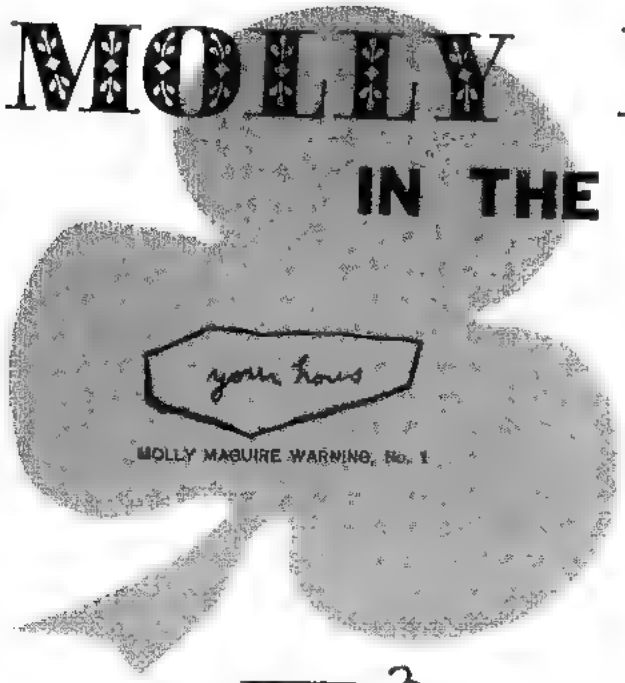
Well, they kept lookin' for that penny for maybe another week or more, rechecking and worrying. 'Bout that time I had to go back to Heppner, and on my arrival they was a letter for me requesting I recheck my cash balance, see if I couldn't locate that penny. I was about fed up. So I writes a letter back enclosing the penny, saying, "I found it in the pocket of another suit."

Did that settle the matter? Not by a long shot. When I come back to the main

(Continued on page 52)

MOLLY MAGUIRES IN THE SOUTHWEST

By LENORE DILS
Photos Courtesy Author



MOLLY MAGUIRE WARNING, No. 1

Irish eyes do not always smile... And the lilt of Irish laughter can grow still and cold and deadly...

MOLLY MAGUIRE WARNING, No. 2

MOLLY MAGUIRE WARNING, No. 3

MOLLY MAGUIRE WARNING, No. 4

DAN RECKHART, president of El Paso's McGinty Club, walked into the mayor's office and threw a copy of the El Paso *Times* on the desk of Richard Caples. It was February 15, 1892. The headlines read, "Mollie Maguires—Can It Be That This Sect of Murderers Survive About El Paso?"

Reckhart, a long time friend of Mayor Caples, came to His Honor's office every morning and frequently paid additional visits to the office or met Caples elsewhere during the day. Caples had no formal education, and Reckhart was a college man, more than willing to read and explain laws to his friend. Reckhart admired the drive and ability of Caples, and the mayor found Reckhart to be imperturbable and efficient. Each had something to offer the other.

Dan Reckhart, only president of the McGinty Club.

Caples' parents had come from Ireland when he was a small boy. They lived first in Canada, later in Albuquerque, New Mexico and finally in El Paso, Texas. Reckhart's father-in-law was also from Ireland.

Scores of men and women of Irish extraction migrated to the Southwest to get away from the hard-coal fields of Pennsylvania. Some were, admittedly, running away from the Molly Maguires, after having received "coffin notices." But others who feared the law and the informers, after sixteen Mollies were hanged for murder in Pennsylvania, also fled the hard-coal fields of northeastern Pennsylvania.

There were so many Irish in El Paso that Reckhart had once remarked to his father-in-law, Captain Jack Crawford, that there'd be nobody in El Paso but the Irish if it were not for the fact that Mexico was just on the other side of the Rio Grande. (City directories of the time will bear this out.)

WHEN RECKHART sat in the mayor's office that windy February morning, he could see that Caples was more troubled than usual.

"I guess you've seen this," Reckhart said, indicating the El Paso *Times*.

"I saw it," the mayor answered. "A lot of trouble could come of this."

"Maybe not," Reckhart answered. "Of course, there will be some talk; that's always the case."

"What does 'paucity' mean?" Caples asked.

Reckhart knew the mayor was referring to the part of the news item which read, ". . . judging from the paucity of officials who should be and are elected to be the safeguards of our people."

"Well, there're a lot of Irish in El Paso," said Reckhart. "So far the Mollies have been kept out of polite conversation, but now it's out in the open and on the front page. People are going to find out that a lot of Irishmen ran away from the hangman, as well as many who ran away from the Mollies after getting a coffin notice."

After the *Times* was on the streets, El Paso citizens started buzzing about the Molly Maguires, and those who had never heard of this secret society from northeastern Pennsylvania did a lot of digging—and not for coal. They came up with some pretty disturbing news; and, depending on the source of their information, they made up their minds. To some, the Molly Maguires were bloodthirsty, rebellious insurgents. To others they were poor, starving Irishmen striving only for survival.

The story the *Times* printed on that February day in 1892 read in part:

"Are the Molly Maguires running rampant in the vicinity of El Paso? It seems so. Why? Simply because there has been so many mysterious murders committed in this section . . . or rather the surrounding country . . . that leads us to believe so.

"More than one dead man has been found with his brains battered out, his throat cut or his body full of bullet holes.

LICENSED TO UN...
...DUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Caples, El Paso mayor at the time of the Molly scare, 1892.

It seems strange that such horrible deeds should be allowed to go almost unnoticed, excepting a coroner's inquest and the burial of the victims of the foul deeds.

"The only case that any interest was manifested in," the *Times* continued, "was that of John Gilan, who met his end a mile or two west of this city, and for whose death several parties are now in jail and one out on bond. This wholesale slaughter of humanity should have an end put to it, and it is to be hoped that the county authorities will take immediate action in the premises.

"Why no man, in the exercise of his official duties or otherwise, will be safe in his own home. . . .

"After the death of John Gilan came that of Thomas Bull, Jr., about a week ago, almost in the same vicinity as that of Gilan's and with Bull's death came mystery and that is all. If any effort has been made to ferret out the perpetrators of his murder we know nothing of it; but poor Bull was murdered beyond a doubt and his death is unavenged.

"Right on the heels of young Bull's murder came another in the latter part of last week and one more shocking. Two men, whose names the reporter couldn't learn, owing to the fact that no one could identify them, were found in the old powder house, formerly used by Doc Smart as an experimenting room on high explosives, which he claimed he could manufacture, and by which experiments he was terribly burned. These last murders were about five miles west of the city on Thursday afternoon. One of them, a man about forty years of age, about five feet high with a mustache and hair tinged with gray and a tooth out of the upper jaw, had his brains beaten out, his left eye knocked out, his right arm almost severed and a slash in his arm. The other, a young man about thirty years, was shot twice through the stomach and in the left temple. He appeared calm, as if asleep and seemingly did not know what hurt him. He was a fair specimen of physical manhood. The top of his hair and mustache were of the blond type."

A previous notice in the El Paso *Times*, dated Friday, February 12, 1892 reported, "Justice Keith [is] at work on a mysterious case."

The newspaper also noted that "Mr. John Selman, whose life was attempted some weeks ago, speaking to a reporter last night, said that the toughest gang of cut throats on the border, made their headquarters in that neighborhood. (The old powder house.) This week Aleck Bull was mysteriously killed near the same place where Gilan met his death."

ONE MUST WONDER at whose tip the *Times* came to link up the Molly Maguires with these murders in El Paso. It was generally known that many members of this secret order had fled from Pennsylvania mining districts after many of their members had been hanged. It was perhaps natural that the Southwest would attract them. They had but little education, but they could dig for gold, silver and other ores, and the mining districts of the Southwest were given great publicity at that time. Not only did the Mollies come in great numbers to this new, undeveloped area, but other Irishmen—who had been driven out of the coal fields by the Mollies—also came in search of a new, peaceful home.

The William Kramer Nattress family was one of the latter. Mr. Nattress had married Lizzie Crawford, sister of noted Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout. The late Charles H. Nattress of Albuquerque wrote the following to me: "My father worked in the coal mines at Girardville, Pennsylvania and had to leave on account of the Molly Maguires. If they hung a skull and crossbones on your door, and a notice saying you should leave in so many days, you'd better be gone, or you'd be shot on the way to work some morning."

The Nattress family and the Crawford family needed no second warnings. They came to New Mexico where they became prominent citizens. Mrs. William Wallace Nattress was born on the northern tip of Ireland, as was her brother Captain Jack Crawford. They went to Chloride where they settled down to mining. The James brothers, nephews of the elder Mrs. Crawford, also lived in Chloride. These were Ed James, John James and Harry James.

There was much speculation about the Molly Maguires, the "horrendous" secret society which originated in Ireland. It was the off-shoot of this group which caused so many of the Pennsylvanians to leave their homes.

Captain Jack Crawford, Charles Nattress' uncle, belonged to the McGinty Club of El Paso. Crawford's son-in-law, Dan Reckhart, was president of that club, made up largely of Irishmen. These were good-humored men, a sort of greeters organization with musical groups within the larger organization. They were civic-minded and did much to promote El Paso. They led parades, notably St. Patrick's Day parades, and did much to help entertain prominent visitors to the city.

Unless one realizes just how many Irish came to the United States within a very short time, it would be difficult to know how such an organization as the Molly Maguires could form such a powerful organization. Consider that by 1845 more than 226,000 Irish had arrived in the United States, and from 1846 to 1854, 1.2 million Irish came to the United States. This was almost half of all the emigrants who came to this country—a country with limited industries to offer them work.

These Irish were a dreary lot as they debarked from ships which would have made a slave ship seem like a luxury liner. Philadelphia papers reported that scores of the emigrants died of fever at sea. Hundreds of others fell ill from the ravages of the voyages which took as long as seven weeks—with food and fresh water scarce, and with no sanitary facilities.

When the Irish did arrive they found that the English and Welsh had most of the jobs in the coal mines, and there was little chance to replace them. For one thing they were already established in the jobs, and for another both the English and Welsh had some education, and most of the Irish had none. Anyway, it would have been impossible to place a quarter of the emigrants in this line of work, for there were just not that many jobs in the entire coal mining country.

IN THE "ould country" bad blood had always existed between the Irish and the English. They had different religions, and the English were considered oppressors. As far back as 1798 a song made popular during the Irish rebellion had made their feelings known. The English at that time had forbidden the wearing of the shamrock as a national emblem.

The last verse of the beloved song of Ireland, "The Wearin' O' the Green," goes like this:

But if at last our color should be torn
from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the
dear old isle will part,
I've heard a whisper of a land that lies
beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the
light of freedom's day.
Oh, Erin, must we leave you, driven by
a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a
strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall
never more be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die
still wearin' o' the green.

When they arrived in America to find no opportunities awaited them, they largely blamed the English and Welsh. The latter had jobs, supervisory jobs. They lived in comfortable homes. Angered by the inability to find work the Irish turned on the English and Welsh managers, burned their homes and murdered some of the supervisory personnel. They

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sent out coffin notices and many persons fled from Pennsylvania to locate elsewhere.

The Catholic priests soon tired of the beatings and bloodshed and turned on the Mollies with whom they had one time sympathized. They denounced them, and Bishop Wood of the Philadelphia Diocese declared, "The Molly Maguires is a society rendered infamous by its treachery and deeds of blood—the scandal of the Catholic Church."

As time went on the Mollies became more and more afraid of informers. Most of the Mollies were Catholics and the bodymaster (president of their lodge) ordered them never to go to confession. How could one even trust a priest?

The bodymasters had destructive, remorseless power, and each group was ruled by one of these men. He would direct the frightful agitation, direct his followers to furnish alibis, hire lawyers, send coffin notices and rig juries. He also gave orders for the execution of certain Englishmen and Welshmen. The most feared bodymaster was John Kehoe, who was hanged on December 18, 1878. From 1862 to 1875 it is said there were 142 unsolved murders and 212 felonious assaults in Schuylkill County alone.

The more responsible Molly Maguires, who had started the organization in Ireland, had as their aim righting the wrongs done to the poor and underprivileged, but soon their order degenerated into a group of vicious gangs who were feared by everyone, including some belonging to their own organization. More than one Catholic priest was beaten for speaking out against them.

As assassination and violence continued, newspapers and law agencies began a counter-attack. In Pennsylvania and New York, vigilance committees were formed, and churchmen spoke out against the many crimes perpetrated by this ruthless secret sect. Mine owners hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency to collect proof that could be used in court against the criminals.

Pinkerton was to have his hands full. The Molly Maguires would be hard to break. However, Pinkerton finally found a man named James McKenna, who would assume the alias "James McParlan" in the mining camps. After many months he gained the confidence of John Kehoe.

McParlan acted reluctant when asked to join this group known as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but this was the chance he had been waiting for. There would be new dangers, he knew, and he couldn't afford to make a mistake.

In 1875 Kehoe called a meeting of his trusted aides, including McParlan. Kehoe gave the names of two men who must die. They had dangerous information concerning previous murders. McParlan was one of the men chosen to carry out the assignment. This really posed a problem. The Pinkerton agent was a very cautious man, even oiling the paper he used to send his reports to his Philadelphia headquarters so that it wouldn't rattle. He mailed his letters on the train as another precaution.

McParlan accepted the murder assignment, but somehow talked the men with him into delaying its execution.

IRENE RECKHART SHONTZ was born five years after the Molly Maguires' publicity in El Paso. She remembered that once when she was about eight years old she came into a room unnoticed by her father and her Uncle Jack Crawford. They were talking about some lady, she thought, called Molly Maguire who had been killed, and "good riddance to bad rubbish." When the men noticed Irene, they suddenly stopped talking. Inquisitive, she wanted to know who the lady was. Uncle Jack had said, laughing, "Lady? We were talking about one of those pesky rabbits that have been eating the lettuce in the garden."

This satisfied the child, and it was not until years later that she learned that Uncle Jack's family had come from Pennsylvania to escape from a group of assassins called the Molly Maguires.

Charles H. Nattress, formerly of Chloride, San Marcial and Albuquerque, a cousin of Irene, also knew a lot about this secret sect. When he was a young boy his father cautioned him never to mention the name "Molly Maguire." His dad explained that there were lots of Irish—both Mollies and their enemies—living in their neighborhood in New Mexico. "No use raking over dead coals," he warned Charles.

Both the Mollies who were running from the law in Pennsylvania, and the men who fled for their lives after getting coffin notices, were bound to meet again and again. There were no boundaries beyond which one could escape from vengeance if he were an informer. The violence of the Mollies stretched to the mines of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas —to a political rally in Socorro, a barroom in El Paso, a sheepherder's camp near Lincoln, and perhaps to that old powder storage shed on the outskirts of El Paso.

Nowhere could a former Pennsylvania coal miner feel more at home than in the newly opened mining areas of Sierra, Grant, Socorro, Luna and Lincoln Counties in New Mexico and El Paso County, Texas, even before the railroads came in 1881.

In *Black Range Tales* by James A. McKenna, the author writes, "Among those who came to Kingston during the big rush of the early eighties were four sons of old Erin, all first-rate miners who had been driven from the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania because they belonged to the Molly Maguires, an organization of Irish miners who had resolved to get a fair price for mining coal." Mr. McKenna went on to give their names, and the names of a few others who also hailed from Pennsylvania.

Tales from similar mining districts were recalled by the late Josephine Umscheid, and by others. What difficulties the Mollies faced as they encountered former residents from Girardville, Pottsville, Mauch Chunk and other Pennsylvania coal-mining areas, may well be imagined. After a man has been given a coffin notice and forced to flee his home, he might not feel very happy to run into a known Molly, especially in a saloon where both might be "whooping it up." Certainly a lot of violence in the Southwest could be attributed to such situations.

Charles H. Nattress whose father left Girardville, Pennsylvania, after receiving a "coffin notice."

THE IRISH were pretty well in charge of things during El Paso's early years. During Richard Caples' term of office he had plenty of help from relatives. His uncle, Tim Lyons, was sheriff; another uncle, William Caples, was chief of police; and the mayor's brother, Ed Caples, was the youngest tax collector in the United States, barely old enough to hold office.

Because Richard Caples was Irish, he nearly lost the election for mayor. Neither he nor his opponent were yet naturalized, and the word got out. Caples hastened to

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Dutch Henry

(Continued from page 15)

"That's Dutch Henry for you," Pryor Smith chuckled. "If they was to string that renegade up he'd tie the hangman's knot in the rope and put the noose on like a silk necktie."

"They had Dutch Henry locked up in that cracker-box jail at Culbertson," Scott Miller volunteered the latest information. "One mornin' when the jailor fetched his breakfast Dutch Henry was long gone. Some of his horsethief gang had rode up durin' the night, tied ketch ropes to the iron bars on the jail window, and yanked out every damn bar. Dutch Henry was forkin' the sheriff's grain-fed bay geldin' when he made his gitaway. I heard afterwards he sold the horse to some Canadian Mountie for a hundred dollars, and the sheriff had to fork over the dough to git his horse back."

Scott reached for the bottle and raised it aloft. "Here's hopin' the law never ketches up with Dutch Henry." He drank his three swallows and handed the bottle to his camp pardner.

"May the howlin' wolves never cease," Pryor Smith proposed the toast, "till Dutch Henry dies of old age follerin' the Hoot Owl Trail." He then drank heartily as prescribed on the label.

The two cowpunchers discussed at long length the sterling qualities of the notorious horsethief and cattle rustler. They lauded the generosity of Dutch John, the saloonkeeper. And as they sang the praises of the two men called Dutch, they passed the bottle back and forth across the rawhide-covered table in the middle of the one-roomed cabin.

Dutch Henry had drunk the half-filled pot of coffee left over from breakfast. He had eaten a dozen big sourdough biscuits, a huge slab of roast beef and half a raisin pie. "What a cook likes to see," Scott Miller declared, "is a man who don't pick around like a speckled hen with a plate of good vittles. Dutch Henry might be on the dodge but he takes time out to eat hearty.

"What'll you have for supper, Mister Smith?" Scott beamed. "Dutch et the half raisin pie I had on hand."

"Hell, Mister Miller," Pryor waved the bottle. "A man kin eat grub two or three times every day. But likker like this is hard to come by. Eatin' and all that chawin' and swallerin's a waste of valuable time." Pryor Smith drank and smacked his lips.

"Grub takes the edge off good likker," Scott conceded. "Apt to sober a man up, and we don't want it should happen on Christmas Day."

The two line camp pardners began swapping tall tales of the good old days. They spoke of early-day trail herds and cowhands they had known who had since crossed the Big Divide. Some had died with their boots on and their six-shooters smoking. Others had hung up in a stirrup and been dragged to death, or been killed in cattle stampedes of a black stormy night. A few had died in blizzards. And as their stories were told, the two cowpunchers drank to the memory of each man they had both known.

At one time or another outlaws like Kid Curry and his two brothers, Johnny and Loney, had worked for the Circle C outfit together with other members of The Wild Bunch, Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh, Ben Kilpatrick, the tall Texan, and Bill Carver. As the cowpunchers traded tales about these outlaws and drank to their longevity and good health, their glances slid now and then to the names carved on the pine plank door of the cabin. The Curry gang had holed up at the Rock Creek line camp for a while to cool out after a train robbery.

Both Pryor Smith and Scott Miller had attended the wake and funeral of Long George Francis, a lesser outlaw at Havre, Montana. And they told one another how Shorty Young, owner of the honkeytonk where the cowboy wake was held, had tended bar that night and kept their shot glasses filled. They told and retold the tragic end of Long George Francis along with his recounted virtues.

The killing of Pike Landusky by Kid Curry and what led up to the shooting of the tough mining man on Christmas Eve was discussed at length. They spoke of Jim Thornhill, Kid Curry's pardner in the cattle business, and how Old Jimmer, as he was called, had out-foxed the Pinkerton Detective Charlie Siringo, and the story was good for a hearty laugh.

The killing of Johnny Curry by Jim Winters at the Winters ranch was discussed. And the funeral of Johnny called for another drink as it was told in detail.

WHEN THE subject of outlaws was exhausted Pryor Smith and Scott Miller got on the subject of bronc riders and outlaw broncs, and in an hour or so more broncs were ridden than could fill the pages of a vest pocket tally book. While the hands of an Ingersoll battered alarm clock ticked the hours away on the shelf over the bunks, the stovewood lowered in the woodbox and the Bull Durham cigarette butts piled high in the tomato cans that served for ash trays.

They drank black coffee generously spiked with whiskey from large battered tin cups as the hands of the clock crept slowly on into the wee small hours. For by silent agreement it was decided they would make a night of it. The two cowpunchers who for the past couple of months had averaged daily no more than a dozen words of casual talk now were interrupting one another with the eagerness of whiskey talk.

Pryor Smith dug deep in the canvas bean sack he used for a warsack to store his shirts, underwear and socks and his forty years' gatherings, and came up with an old harmonica, known as a mouth-harp. Blowing the dust out, he cupped the instrument to his lips and commenced playing half-forgotten cowboy ballads, while Scott's croaking, off-key voice groped for the long forgotten words to fit each lonesome tune that wheezed forth. Both were on the verge of a crying jag.

The sudden raucous jangling of the alarm clock that had been set for five o'clock abruptly put an end to their Christmas celebration. They divided the remaining contents of the quart of Canadian Club into their cups, filling the cups to the brim with steaming black coffee.

"Shore feel sorry," Pryor stated, "for them white-collared city dudes." He sipped the hot coffee, savoring the aromatic whiskey smell in its steam.

"All them kings and millionaires," Scott heartily agreed, "with weak stummicks. Pickin' at their stewed canary bird eyebrows. Hellamighty! Them jaspers don't know what it's all about!"

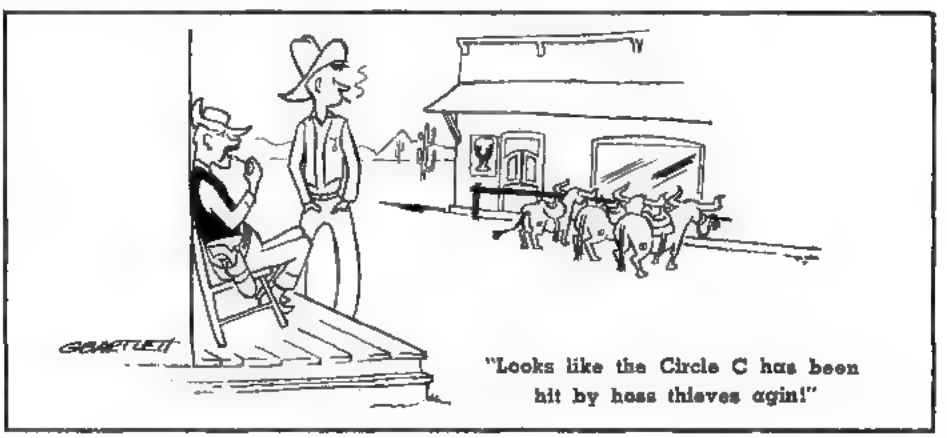
When the last sip of spiked coffee was gone Pryor pulled on his overshoes and shrugged into the sleeves of his old sheepskin-lined canvas coat, yanked on his hat, and headed for the stable to do his barn chores.

By the time he returned Scott had breakfast ready. A pair of thick T-Bone steaks sizzled on top of the red hot stove. There was a skillet of fried potatoes and a pan of sourdough biscuits. A fresh pot of coffee simmered on the back of the stove.

As Pryor opened the door a gust of wind-driven snow ushered him in. "We're in for another blizzard," he announced as he kicked off his overshoes and shed his coat.

"We was here first," Scott grinned. "Grub pile! Come and git 'er, or I'll throw 'er away!"

Both line camp pardners hungrily wolfed their food in companionable silence. They had talked themselves out of conversation during the long winter night. It was enough to last them until the warm Chinook wind came in the spring to melt the drifts of the snowbound line camp.



"Looks like the Circle C has been hit by hoss thieves agin!"

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Until William J. Lilly appeared on the scene, a hoist was an instrument of death as well as the

LIFE-LINE of the MINES

By MILDRED FIELDER

Photos Courtesy Author

Photo from W. J. Lilly in letter to Sydney J. Staple, Lead, South Dakota, 1914.

The original Lilly Hoist Controller, twenty-six inches in height with a six-inch base.

WILLIAM LILLY stood by the big hoisting engine of the B & M shaft of the Homestake gold mine, watching the engineer as he handled the controls, hearing the hum of the spinning drums upon which the flat ropes wound and unwound. Those ropes were long enough to lower a cage of men or a skip of ore to the bottom of the mine and bring it to the top of the ground again. The hoist engineer sat by his control board, responding to the bell signals that he received from the men underground. The year was 1902.

Lilly's fascination was with the moving cables as they wound on the spoked drums of the hoist. He let his glance move toward the top of the headframe which towered above the control room, and then back to the ropes again. A streak of white paint appeared periodically on the rope when a bell signaled a stop, and the engineer watched carefully for an alignment of the cage or skip with the proper level below ground.

Then, suddenly, the even hum of motion changed. The ropes were moving faster, faster! Lilly jumped to attention. The engineer was trying desperately to stop the hoist, but something was wrong. Was it the cage? Were men on that rising rope? Was it the ore skip? If either were out of control it could fall through the shaft to the bottom and disaster, or it could be hauled into the headframe and crash through the roof! Which was it? Lilly strained to see.

Before he could be sure, a burst of metal against wood exploded in the sound of an ore skip shooting from the depths.

Courtesy Homestake Mining Company

William J. Lilly, 1906.

The engineer's face was white with the effort of controlling the hoist, knowing that split seconds were enough for catastrophe. The brakes began to take control, but the skip hit the roof of the headframe with a crash that told of collision. It hung on an angle, stopped, but rock was pouring out of it and dropping danger into the shaft.

Lilly shuddered. Something should be done to make such accidents impossible! There must be a way!

HE WAS IN his early forties when he worked for the Homestake gold mine in Lead, South Dakota, as assistant master mechanic between 1901 and 1904. Sydney J. Staple was a Homestake mechanic in those days, and the two were good friends as well as fellow workmen. With their help, all mechanical equipment owned by the mining company was kept in working order or installed for future use.

Lilly was of an inventive mind and was intrigued with the huge hoisting mechanism used by the Homestake's shaft units. The B & M shaft, the Golden Star, the Old Brig and smaller shafts were operating in those years, and every last one of them depended on the alertness of a hoisting operator to get them started and stopped at the right instant. If an operator dozed for a second he could cause a costly accident by allowing the cages and skips to go too far in either direction. There was nothing to help him control their speed or their braking mechanism except his constant attention.

In January 1904 William J. Lilly took his wife and son Arthur to Butte, Montana, where he was offered a job as chief mechanical engineer for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. The Anaconda operated seventy engines in its various mine shafts, and again Lilly was bothered with the same old problem. He didn't quite have the idea perfected by the time he patented a throttle valve on March 7, 1911, but he kept experimenting. By the end of 1913 he had a mechanism in working order which he called a hoist regulator.

It was "an instrument designed for the purpose of regulating the operations of air, steam and electric hoisting engines" which would absolutely control the engines whether or not the man at the controls was incapacitated. In the event of excessive speeds in either direction, Lilly's hoist regulator would sound an alarm, then if the operator did not respond, the control would take action itself. Speed would be reduced and the hoisting apparatus stopped. It would be impossible for cages or skips to go through a roof or plunge to the bottom of a shaft.

Lilly described it as "a simple little machine that works in unison with the drum of the hoist. It has an internal ratchet wheel, which is supported on a sleeve extending from the central portion of the stand. Within this ratchet wheel an arm, carrying a governor-operated tripping pawl, travels clockwise and contraclockwise, in direct ratio to the cages in the shaft. At the end of travel for the top and bottom landings, adjustable notched stops are secured to the rim of the wheel. In case of overwinding, or overspeeding, in hoisting or lowering; or failure to begin the slowing down process of the engine at a safe distance from the top and bottom landings, the pawl will engage with the notches of the stops or with the teeth of the wheel, which causes the wheel to rotate. The movement of one-sixteenth of an inch on the rim of the wheel trips a weighted lever, which, in turn, shuts off the throttle, sets the brakes, and performs any other operation that may be found necessary, such as the reversing of the valve gearing and the operation of the relief valves, which may be found advantageous with some types of engines."

Lilly's regulator was only twenty-six inches high and set on a base no larger than six inches. Sydney Staple looked at Lilly's written description of it, considered the tremendous tonnages hauled by the Homestake hoists, and wondered.

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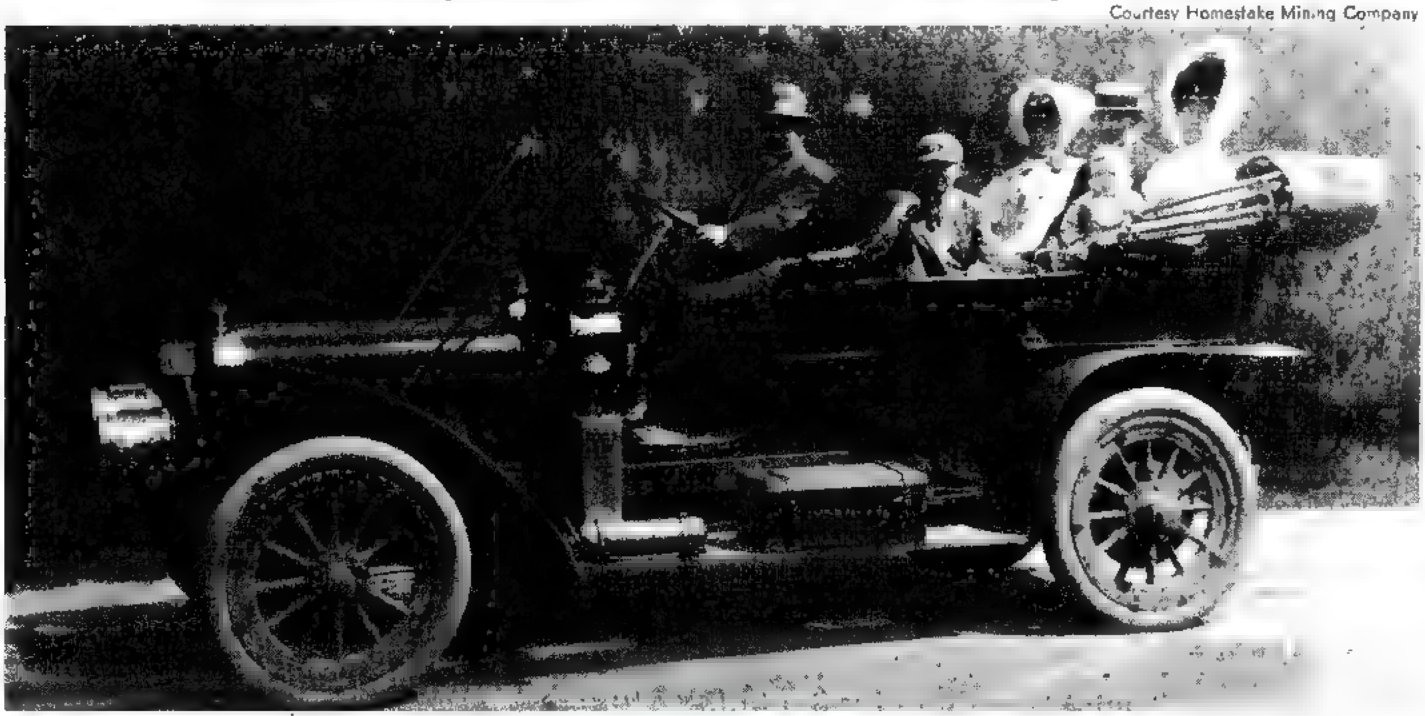
William Lilly driving a Stevens-Duryea at Butte, Montana 1911. John Lilly and family are seated in the back. William Lilly was the inventor of the Lilly Hoist Controller which was used on mine hoists throughout the world.

Courtesy Homestake Mining Company



By JOHN B. ARRINGTON as told to
ELEANOR DAVENPORT MacDONALD

Photos Courtesy Author

Fanita Ranch in FLAMES

E. W. Scripps, about 1913.

E. W. Scripps is most often remembered as a newspaper tycoon but he had another love—saddle stock. His foreman describes the night these beautiful animals perished at the hands of an arsonist

MY KNOWLEDGE of horse-flesh was to serve as a key to the door of Fanita, the great ranch home of E. W. Scripps which was located on the San Diego River, a few miles from Spring Valley, California. Edward Wyllis Scripps, a great personality in the publishing world, once controlled with Roy Howard forty-four newspapers and the United Press Association.

I had lived always in cow country. My wife, Winifred, and I grew up in the Navajo land of northwestern New Mexico along the great Continental Divide where inland streams and rivers decide to which ocean they will give themselves. Here the Navajos herded their sheep and goats astride pinto ponies; here cowboys "pointed sign" on fast horses nourished on open range land.

After Winifred and I married in 1907 we began to shape together a dream of crossing over the "Big Hump" into Arizona, then going on to California to view the Pacific. It was five years, however, before this journey materialized. We married in our teens and I had to scramble around pretty fast to provide a living for myself and my young bride.

I first worked at the Sunnyside Mill in southern Colorado at Eureka, near the famous mining town of Silverton. Silverton was booming and the mountains were thronged with pack-burros and mules transporting supplies to and from mines and mills. Air drills had not yet been introduced into Silverton, and single and double jacking drills were employed to tunnel laboriously through mountains veined with ore.

Following my labors at Silverton came a five-year probation period when Winnie and I won a bet with Uncle Sam by "proving up" on a 160-acre homestead in New Mexico's San Juan County. But the Pacific Ocean still beckoned to us. In November 1912, with very little money, albeit a high spirit of adventure, we

loaded our few belongings, our three small children—and ourselves—into a Studebaker freight wagon and coaxed two large bay horses to pull us across the Navajo Indian reservation along the old Mormon trail from Fruitland (near Farmington) to Gallup, New Mexico. At Gallup we planned to board a train to San Diego, California. We were three and a half days on the road-with-a-million-chuck holes which led to Gallup. In a second conveyance my father and another family followed. At night the women and children slept in the wagon-beds. The men slept in blankets on the ground. Our meals were cooked over campfires fueled with greasewood and cow chips. At Gallup my father helped us aboard the Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe for California. He returned to Farmington with the freight wagon and fine bay horses.

Jim Hogan with Rainbow, one of the most beautifully gaited animals on Scripps' ranch, 1913.

THE SECOND DAY out of Gallup we arrived in San Diego where an ocean breeze rustling through palm trees welcomed us to the Pacific. The train trip had been a strain on all of us, but particularly on me. My brother-in-law, who was an advance agent for the fine old circus show, Sells Floto, had conceived the idea of having me pose as an employe of that show, and had provided me with a scrip book which allowed free passage on the Santa Fe for me and my family. My mythical job in California was to set up posters advertising the attractions of the circus soon to be seen in that state. (As a result of his contacts with show business I once dined with the renowned "Buffalo Bill" Cody and the equally well-known Will Rogers. My brother-in-law also saw to it that Winnie and I were provided with free passes to the Spreckles Theater in San Diego where we thrilled to the performances of Nat Goodman as Fagan in "Oliver Twist" and Lillian Russell in "Every Woman." These bonuses came to us later, however.)

It would be six months before I met E. W. Scripps. First came employment with San Diego city attorney, Judge Andrews, on whose suburban farm near Lemon Grove in Spring Valley I served as temporary overseer of livestock and a small agricultural enterprise. The pressures of his duties as city attorney required the judge's constant presence in San Diego during this period.

One day, as my term of employment at Judge Andrews' farm drew to a close, I picked up a copy of the San Diego *Sun*, managed by Roy Howard, a young man quite closely connected with the Scripps chain of newspapers. Later this same year Scripps made Roy president of the United Press and in time a full-fledged partner in the newspaper syndicate called thereafter the Scripps-Howard chain. In the *Sun* my eye caught a large ad inviting men experienced in handling horses to interview Mr. E. W. Scripps at his Fanita Ranch which was located near our present quarters at Spring Valley. It was from this ranch that he directed his vast newspaper holdings.

John Arrington on the Fanita Ranch, 1913.

I hooked up our mare, Maude, to a rubber-tired buggy and trotted her over to Fanita to interview the big boss. He personally engaged every employe at his establishment. When I arrived at the boundary of the big ranch I crossed over the San Diego River and drove along a road lined with great sycamore trees, which led close by the big white mansion where John Scripps, son of E. W., had lived and where he had died only a few months back. I drove on beyond the mansion to the pastures and barns; recrossed the river and there met a young man who introduced himself as Walt Hogan. He was foreman in charge of this enormous spread. We stopped in the road and engaged in a lengthy conversation. I told him where I was from and of my experience with horses and stock. Hogan told me he believed I was just the man Scripps was seeking.

He advised me to drive back across the river to the John Scripps mansion and to hitch my buggy to a large pepper tree which I would find near the house. There he suggested that I wait until the arrival of E. W. Scripps, who was on his way from his home at Miramar, twelve miles north.

Soon E. W. arrived in a new Packard driven by his chauffeur, "Milo," a little fellow in a linen duster and goggles. E. W. sat beside the driver on the left,

Jim Hogan with dog and horse "Tiajuana."

Photo taken in 1914 on the front porch of the Arrington cottage, Scripps' Fanita Ranch, Santee, California. Mr. Arrington wears a cowboy hat. Mrs. Arrington is at far right, her face partially obscured by a tear in the picture. The three children are the Arringtons'.

English style, wearing English riding pants, leather puttees and a linen duster. Heavy goggles protected his eyes, also. He was then about sixty years old, of medium build and height, very erect in carriage and beginning to grey. Scripps got out of the car, briskly pulled off his duster, and laid it on the seat of the machine. With a few strides he reached the steps leading to the door of a large screened-in porch.

In the shade of the pepper tree where I sat in my buggy, I saw him place himself in a chair before a marble-topped table. A couple of uniformed caretakers wheeled in some sort of drink and a cigar or two. He sat holding the chilled beverage as I advanced up the wide steps and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" he said abruptly.

I introduced myself and stated my purpose for being there. He waved me to a chair and told me to sit down. There I sat for what seemed hours while he sipped his highball. The longer he sipped the madder I got. Finally he brushed his whiskers carefully, pushed back his chair so that he faced me directly, placed his hands on his knees, and then looked me full in the eye for a long, long moment.

"Now, tell me, just what in hell can YOU do?"

Being in a state of growing anger, I glared at him and retorted: "There're some things I CAN do and a hell of a lot of things I CAN'T do."

"Can you pick up two lines and drive a span of horses?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I can!" I replied.

"How about handling four lines?"

"Don't make no difference how many lines," I answered firmly.

He cooled down, lowered his voice, and said, "Now, Arrington, let's get down to business. I, no doubt, knew one of your clan, a Lord Arrington, in England. Perhaps that's where your ancestors came from."

"That's true," I replied. "Five Arrington brothers came here from England and settled in colonial times in North Carolina on the Cape Fear River."

He looked at me for a minute and then announced, "I have already talked to Hogan, and he says you're the man he wants."

Mollified, I told E. W. Scripps goodbye, and behind Maude, the buggy mare, rode home to make preparations to move to Fanita Ranch.

MY PAY started immediately and within a few days my family and I were established at the ranch. We felt very grateful for the way things were breaking in our favor. After about a month I was put in charge of all the American Saddle stock which were professionally trained as harness horses. Each day I rode over the rolling hills where his horses grazed, seeing to it that windmills were replenishing water troughs, taking care of the registered stallions, arranging the breeding of the mares. Our cottage was situated about the distance of three city blocks from the large barn where the horses were stabled.

(Continued on page 47)

Wild Old Days!

Courtesy Author

Hounds treeing a lion—a sight that sets a mountain man's heart pounding.

TODAY'S MOUNTAIN MEN

By Ron Moore

Note—If you have read "Old Solitaire" in this issue, you will be glad to know that his twentieth century counterpart has managed to survive. Only the calendar has changed!

TODAY in the age of supersonic jets and scientific wonders there still exists a breed of mountain men. Men who make their living hunting and trapping the mountain areas of the United States. Today they are aided by four-wheel-drive vehicles, sheepherder's stoves, and canned goods—nevertheless they are to be set aside from other men.

Today's mountain man possesses the same great love for the out-of-doors and the same fierce independence as the man who went before him. Did he not possess these qualities he would never be able to endure the rigors and hardships his particular life bestows. Being wet, suffering frozen feet, sleeping on cold ground, enduring sickness and waiting a long time between meals—these things make up the life of today's mountain man just as they did a hundred years ago.

Today's fur prices, however, coupled with the rising cost of living, make it impractical to derive a living from trapping alone. So mountain men have adjusted to the times and they trap and hunt for the state or take parties of dudes on hunting trips. It provides them with only a moderate income but it reserves them the right to hunt and fish the mountains they cherish. Nowadays the game and fish laws (and grocery stores not taking pelts in trade for their goods) would force the mountain man to the city to work were not these other routes of revenue open to him.

Today's mountain men come from all walks of life. O. A. (Ozzie) Washburn went to Adams State College at Alamosa, Colorado in 1936 and obtained enough credits to get his teacher's certificate; taught six years in the boondocks of northern New Mexico, and quit because there wasn't enough fresh air inside four walls. Since becoming a mountain man his achievements are astonishing. His take of bear is near 300, and he has hunted other game up and down the North American Continent, taking most of the coveted trophies. He has written a book and sold articles to magazines.

Larry Gurr was a power company lineman. His love for the mountains overcame him and he quit and returned to the wilds. Cap Atwood was a successful rancher. All these men left good jobs and careers to return to their beloved mountains. Today, as yesterday, there are only a handful of individuals who can fill a mountain man's moccasins. Each year a few young men are lured from the cities, but the bitter cold, icy waters, and hard work soon send them back to their warm houses, television, electric lights, and modern appliances with the conclusion that one has to be crazy to want such a life.

THUS with the advent of the "soft generation" as the mountain men term them, abetted by the Forest Service's bulldozers, the mountain men's numbers are slowly dwindling. A man rides down streams where once the only sounds he could hear were his saddle squeaking, birds, and fussing squirrels, and these streams are now lined with fishermen, their families and picnic tables. He reins up his horse in a high alpine meadow where once he sat watching the elk feed and their calves romp, and finds it full of red-hatted hunters sending rifle shots echoing across the mountains. Where once he rode for miles, crossing only game trails and streams, he now crosses many access roads. He sits his horse and watches with disgust as earth-movers rip their way through land which has never so much as been touched with a human tool. These things he sees through sad eyes and he feels much like the men in buckskins must have when the hoards of settlers started west.

This is progress and he knows he cannot stop it, but he will not teach his children his love for the out-of-doors for in their lifetime it will be ruined. He would fight it but he does not know how; he couldn't find time away from providing for his family anyway. Oh, he gets together with other mountain men and raves about what he will do about it but he knows he won't. He can't.

Moore with a bear taken in the Book Cliffs range of eastern Utah.

Courtesy Author

Courtesy Author

Cap Atwood (left) and Larry Gurr looking over the rugged Snake Range in eastern Nevada.

Even in days when it was legal to send a rifle ball in the direction of the invaders, they could not be stopped.

So he goes on hunting, facing the wintry blasts of wind and the elements while other men who know the mountains only by pictures and colored-up articles work comfortably in heated offices or factories. Men in eastern cities will have drinks with friends and admire a mounted mountain lion and hear the story of the hunt without much mention being made of the guide who toiled hard to make the trophy possible. To the city man who bagged the game the hunt was cold, tiresome, uncomfortable, and rugged —but now he is home and it is over for him. For the mountain man the hunt was also bitterly cold and uncomfortable, but he understands his mountains, their different moods and changing personalities. Unlike the casual hunter he considers it a privilege—not a right—to be able to live and hunt in these mountains.

Our wilderness areas are fast diminishing as new dams are being built to back up water over precious game range. And our mountain men are facing extinction in the same way as did the mountain men of a hundred years ago. They are saddened as they watch civilization close in, for it's much like being sentenced to prison. The prison of the city.

SCABTOWN, U. S. A.

By Ray McGuffin

JUST ACROSS the San Saba River from old Fort McKavett, Texas was a civilian settlement known as Scabtown. This little town attracted some mighty hard characters of both sexes. Its survival depended mostly on soldiers from the fort, along with ranchers in the area and buffalo hunters.

Social life for the officers from McKavett centered around two big saloons and one gambling house. Enlisted men entertained themselves in dives not quite as fancy, but were preyed upon by the same fast dealers as the officers. There have been reports that the town's population was around 2,000, but this is doubtful; 200 is more likely.

The size of your welcome in Scabtown depended mostly on the bulge of your pockets, but there was one group which seldom had either—the Texas Rangers. They almost always departed with some of Scabtown's citizens. In the early part of 1878, the Rangers set up camp near McKavett while returning from a scout into Kimble County.

At this time there were a few discharged soldiers living around the fort and Scabtown, among whom were several Negroes. On the same night the Rangers made camp these Negro ex-soldiers were having a dance in Scabtown. George, the Negro cook from the Ranger camp, got permission to attend. He took along a borrowed pistol from Ranger Tim McCarthy.

The local boys didn't take too kindly to George because of his association with the Rangers. They relieved him of his pistol and sent him running back to camp. Lieutenant N. O. Reynolds and the rest of the Rangers rode into Scabtown and demanded the return of the pistol. After the celebrants shouted a profane "no," Reynolds ordered all of the women out of the house.

As the women began to scream, one of the soldiers stuck the pistol out of a window and told McCarthy to come and get it. McCarthy obliged him and received a bullet in the chest above his heart. Firing then broke out from both sides and when the battle was over, four men and a little girl, who was shot by

Scabtown, Texas, circa 1878.

Courtesy Author

accident, were dead inside the house. McCarthy died the following day. Only one Negro man escaped.

ANOTHER SHOOT-OUT occurred in Scabtown in the seventies which resulted in no deaths but plenty of action. Dick Godfrey was serving as deputy sheriff in Menardville, which was about twenty-three miles downriver. Ben Anderson and Jimmy Love from Kimble County were suspected of stealing five head of horses from Bill Rice who lived at Brady, Texas. Rice and a neighbor named Kitchens were trailing the pair across Menard County and stopped in Menardville to ask Dick Godfrey to go with them. Godfrey agreed because of his knowledge of the county and the three men rode to Fort McKavett.

It was dark when they arrived and they had just started into a saloon when Rice saw a young boy mounting one of his missing horses. The young fellow got away in the darkness, minus the horse. He turned out to be Jimmy Love. The three men decided to go to a place seven miles east of Fort McKavett called McCarty's Camp, but they arrived too late. The Love boy had sneaked into camp, stolen a horse, and headed for Kimble County.

Rice and a man named John Vaden took out on his trail while Godfrey and Kitchens went back to McKavett to swear out warrants for the arrest of Love and Anderson. Rice and Vaden overtook Love where he'd stopped to build a campfire and after a terrific struggle, subdued him.

The next morning Dick Godfrey and Kitchens left McKavett and went to the Rangers' camp. Rice and Vaden, along with some Rangers, rode up with Ben Anderson, Jimmy Love and the other four missing horses. Godfrey received the prisoners from the Rangers.

On the way back to Fort McKavett, Bill Rice tried to persuade the deputy to stop and let them hang the horse thieves then and there. After a few heated words, Godfrey won out and finally placed his prisoners in the guardhouse in McKavett. News of the arrest spread quickly among the citizens of Kimble County and that night they rode into Fort McKavett and Scabtown in bunches.

Rice, Vaden and Godfrey were in a saloon at Scabtown when Rice and Vaden decided to go across the river to Sam Wallick's store at McKavett to spend the night. Godfrey had met two old friends and preferred to remain where he was. As Rice and Vaden were crossing the river, a group of Kimble County men opened fire on them. They both took cover in a ditch, started shooting and managed to wound two of the Kimble County men, but no one was killed.

The officer of the day at the fort thought it was being attacked, as bullets were falling all around the buildings, and ordered the soldiers to return the fire.

Dick Godfrey was preparing to go to bed in Scabtown about this time. He later said there must have been several hundred bullets striking the house in which he was staying. When the shooting stopped, he and some friends went to Thompson's Place for coffee and to hash over what had happened. Suddenly the shooting started up again.

Sheriff Comstock and Deputy Murray of Menard County arrived in Scabtown in the nick of time. They had heard that trouble was brewing. Sheriff Comstock immediately stomped right into the middle of the Kimble County boys and ordered the leader, a man named Dublin, to put up his gun. Dublin refused and they argued for some time. Directly behind the sheriff stood Rice and Vaden, ready to shoot any moment. Dublin and his crowd finally agreed to report to the justice of the peace the next morning and plead guilty if the sheriff would let them keep their guns. The sheriff agreed, and things quieted down for the night. (Incidentally, the Dublin boys did not show up the next morning as promised.)

Scabtown died out when the soldiers left Fort McKavett. Her dirt floor picket houses deteriorated in short order, along with the saloons and gambling houses. What little lumber there was in the buildings was put to use in Fort McKavett, to where some of the Scabtown people moved. Today all that remains is broken glass, pieces of stoves, tin cans and visible signs of an old street or two. The old-timers who frequented the settlement are gone now and so are the many tales surrounding it.

DAVE "CROCKETT" WALTERS

By C. W. Wimberley

HILL FOLKS in Texas had a way. Weathered by drouth and tempered by hardship, they developed a raw sense of humor of their own brand. They needed it to endure. During the depressed thirties, old Dave "Crockett" Walters summed up his situation with these sentiments: "If I was to die today the bank would have to shear my goats twice before they could foreclose their mortgage on me—once to bury me with and a fall clip to pay my lease up to date. Then they could take it all and have my sympathies to boot."

Crockett batched back in the cedars and was a good Llano County neighbor of mine. To get away from his own cooking, Crockett rode his chuckline which ran from Baby Head across the hills through Tow Valley and on down Old Bluffton way. At any home where he put his feet under a dinner table, he was a most welcome guest, for Crockett always made each lady of the house feel that she was the best cook in all Texas. The same medicine was used on old Jim when he ate with the Tow boys, Jim and Sid.

About once a week Crockett would ride up to my front porch near the time the biscuits were brown enough for my wife to call dinner. He was never there early enough to help out on stove wood, and was always gone before milking time. If you went to fetch him a watermelon or mess of roasting ears from the patch, he waited in the shade of the porch. "Cause," he claimed, "sun gives me a sick headache." But when you needed him in the

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saddle, Crockett was Johnny-on-the-spot at the crack of dawn and stayed till the last knot had been tied. His fee was your friendship.

After his old mare had done her do, Crockett kept her for what she had been and looked around for another saddle horse. Ben Wallis sold him a spirited brown gelding with black mane and tail. It had a good head along with the makin's of a real cow pony and had been broke to the saddle; yet he was delivered to Glen Chisholm to have "the rough edges took off him," before Crockett would ride his new horse home. "On account of," as Crockett put it, "I'm jest too old an' stove up an' brittle to take any chances on bustin' a bronc."

A WEEK LATER Crockett and I were riding along beside a field with Crockett a-blowin' about his new mount. Out of the clear blue, the brown spooked at an old planter standing at the corner of the field, swallowed his head, and went bucking out across a glade that was all cedar stumps and honeycombed rocks with prickly pear growing in the cracks.

Clawing leather, Crockett choked the saddlehorn with one hand and fought at the reins with the other for the first few jumps. Then giving the horse his head, Crockett sat up in the saddle hanging the spurs to him with each jump and cutting his rump with the quirt every time a hoof hit the ground. Before he was through, the brown was glad to stick his muzzle into that old planter box or thread the needle back and forth across the planter tongue on an easy rein.

(Continued on page 72)

Life-line of the Mines

(Continued from page 35)

He showed the letter to Homestake's master mechanic, John A. Spargo, but Spargo could not believe in it either.

Lilly thereupon wrote Spargo, mentioning that his mechanism had been tested by Anaconda's hoisting operators with an audience of engineers, superintendents, mine foremen, machinists and others, and the "Lilly Hoisting Engine Controllers" (by which name he had begun to call them) had worked perfectly no matter what kind of problem confronted it. Anaconda men were so impressed that they were putting the device on all their engines. Lilly offered to install one on any Homestake hoist on an experimental basis, to be paid only if Homestake men were satisfied that it would do the job.

He followed that letter to Spargo with another to Staple, including a printed pamphlet on his invention. "The little machine is beyond all expectations in its wonderful operations," he wrote. "It can be operated with the tip of the little finger. It cannot fail to work every time; and will control anything the shape of a hoisting engine from the largest to the smallest."

Lilly also wrote to Homestake superintendent, Thomas J. Grier, on August 3, 1914, urgently requesting permission to install an experimental control on Homestake hoists.

"Since the installation of the first Controller, some three and a half months ago," he wrote, "it has been demonstrated and tested in every conceivable manner, loaded and unloaded, with men and without men, and has never failed to work perfectly in every case. It cannot fail."

The Homestake Mining Company had been safety conscious through all its years of activity, and it is altogether possible that Lilly might have seen the installation of a control immediately if Grier had not been so involved in other things at the moment. Grier was under pressure for government committee hearing, he was overseeing the building of a new recreational facility for the town (which had never been done in Lead before); and he was far from well. When Grier died in September of that year, he still had not given permission for the trial of the Lilly hoist control at the Homestake.

LILLY CONTINUED working with his safety device. He knew he had something that mines could use wherever they were, but he also had the problems of production, of patenting, of distribution—problems he was not equipped to handle by himself. He acquired the patent for the Hoisting Engine Control in 1915, but production of the mechanism was something else. Not until the middle of 1918 did he make arrangements with the H. G. Saal Company of Chicago to manufacture and sell the controls, collecting royalties on the sales for his end of the bargain. Thereafter all letters to the Homestake and other mines were signed by Henry H. Logan, sales engineer in the hoist controller department for the H. G. Saal Company. Logan was Lilly's close friend, as interested in the product as Lilly himself.

Logan wrote Sydney Staple, who had been promoted to Homestake master mechanic July 1, 1918, informing him that the H. G. Saal Company would be distributors for the Lilly controller from that time forward, and offering his assistance in placing an order. The printed advertising matter included with Logan's letter shows that the control had been revamped to make it still more compact, being only 18½ inches in height, weighing 42 pounds, and still needing only a 6-inch base area for installation. The advertisement stated: "This device . . . invented by Mr. Wm. J. Lilly, an engineer nationally recognized for his ability to develop and perfect mining machinery and methods . . . ingeniously provides against every possible element responsible for the many accidents to mine hoists. . . ."

Then Logan wrote to the new Homestake superintendent, Bruce C. Yates, and this time he was successful. Not long afterwards Mr. Yates permitted the installation of a control on the B & M skip hoist on an experimental basis. It was well that he did, because that hoist was fore-ordained to test it in as crucial a manner as could be imagined.

Shortly before the new year of 1921, Burke Lovejoy was working as hoist engineer at the B & M shaft with a full skipload of ore rising toward the surface.

Without warning, the flat rope snapped in two, a thing that was unprecedented in the history of the company. Lovejoy had no time to think.

The released skip plummeted toward the bottom of the shaft, pulling 300 feet of rope with it. The other loose end whipped from the rope drum like a gigantic snake swinging over the weights as it slashed wildly through the air, striking the engineer and the platform upon which he had been seated. Lovejoy was killed instantly, and the machinery was on its own operation.

The Lilly controller acted immediately, though parts of the controller itself were in line with the murderous backlash. The throttle, one brake, an indicator and part of the controller brackets were put out of commission, but the hoist engine was brought to a stop.

The mining company's mechanics were able to fix the hoist engine within twenty-four hours. The indicator and control ler parts took a few days more, and with installation of a new rope the hoist was again operating. If Lovejoy had not been in direct line of the rope, he might not have been killed, but that was not the fault of the Lilly mechanism.

Staple was impressed. Yates was impressed. A new Ellison hoist was being built by the company on the other side of the gulch, and without further ado the Homestake gave Logan orders to install Lilly controls on all future hoisting equipment.

BY 1919 the controller was being manufactured by Duro Metal Products Company, Chicago, for Henry H. Logan, manager of the Lilly Hoist Controller department. If Staple and Yates were impressed, Logan was doubly so. It was such a simple mechanism. There was nothing to get out of kilter, having (as Lilly said when he first invented it) "no valves of any kind whatever, no piping, no pistons or fittings to get out of order. . . ."

Today the Lilly hoist controller can be found on almost any mine hoist in the world, from continent to continent, from mining range to mining range wherever you might wander. Henry Logan formed his own company in 1935, the Logan Engineering Company, specializing in mine hoist safety equipment and engineering specialties. Logan added refinements as electricity and other engineering knowledge added to the possibilities, so that now the Lilly hoist controller is far more complex than the original. It still is fairly small in its overall measurements, and it works like a charm which Lilly had envisioned in the days when he was struggling to get it accepted.

William J. Lilly and his family lived comfortably for the rest of their lives on his share of profits from the hoist controller. He died a rich man in Tacoma, Washington in 1945 at the age of eighty-five, knowing that he had contributed much to the mining industry. Today the mine hoists of the entire world can operate safely because he saw the need for an automatic regulator.

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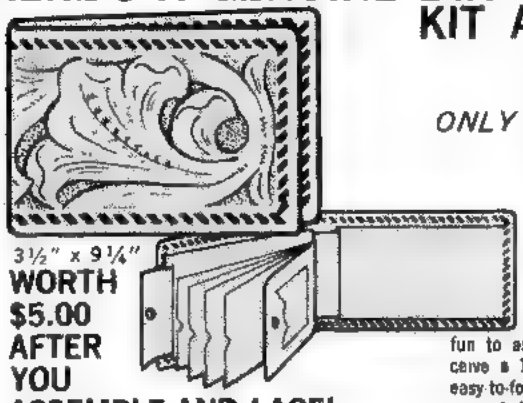

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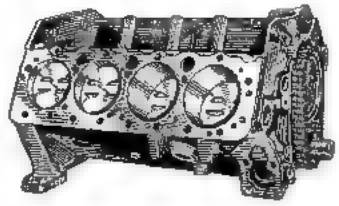

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

SOUTHWESTERN ART

Southwestern Portfolio (The Ex-Students' Association of the University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso 79999, $35.00) presents twelve prints (six in color) measuring 22 by 16½ inches plus a folder of comments by S. D. Myres of the University faculty. The participating artists are Manuel Acosta, Peter Hurd, William Kolliker, Tom Lea, Robert Massey and Russell Waterhouse. Another artist, Carl Hertzog, maestro of typography, was responsible for the design. The Association will use the proceeds from the sale of the *Portfolio* for scholarships, student loans, library purchases and the like. The buyers on the other hand will certainly get full value—the prints are expertly reproduced—your reviewer particularly liked Tom Lea's "Toribio" previously used in a much smaller size as the frontispiece in his *The Hands of Cantu*, and Peter Hurd's "River Bend," a quiet scene on the river near Hurd's ranch. Acosta's portrait of his mother and Waterhouse's "Line Camp," both in color, are favorites of your reviewer but *all* are good—very good. Five (two were born there) of the artists live in El Paso (Hurd is a native of New Mexico and a resident of the State) and El Paso is proud of them. And you'll be proud to own these fine prints, all suitable for framing. Highly recommended.

RANGE LIFE

Ranch on the Ruidoso (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95) by Wilbur Coe is "the story of a pioneer family in New Mexico, 1871-1968." Wilbur Coe's father, Frank, arrived in New Mexico with members of his family in 1871. The Coe brothers homesteaded in Lincoln County in time to be caught up in the Lincoln County War. They were involved with the likes of Billy the Kid and Buckshot Roberts. Wilbur was born and raised on the Coe Ranch, famous for fine cattle and apples and for its unbounded hospitality. Wilbur and his wife Louise have contributed to developing the ranch into a prosperous unit while bridging the frontier era with modern times. As they were involved in taming the frontier, so have the Coes been involved in taming floods, working for modern range management, and other conservation activities to keep their land protected and fruitful. Four maps by Jose Cisneros of El Paso enhance the book. The introduction to this warm and colorful family history is by Peter Hurd who also furnished two paintings for the book presented in full color—"The Ranch on the Ruidoso" and a portrait of Wilbur. Henriette Wyeth (Mrs. Hurd) joined in with a portrait in color of Louise Coe. Highly recommended.

NOSTALGIC AUTOMOBILIA

This was Pioneer Motoring (Superior Publishing Co., $12.95) by Robert F. Karolevitz is "an album of nostalgic automobilia." This profusely illustrated book shows what early auto lovers and owners endured in the days of mud roads, tools under the seat, no garages, and practically no service stations. It's a wonder they didn't junk the whole idea. Instead, auto buffs sweated, cussed, pampered, pushed, and even raced the contraptions on long, cross-country courses. Of course, the results of all this are the modern automobile, roads, and services we all take for granted. Oldtimers will relive personal experiences in the pages of this book while youngsters can enjoy a factual look at how things used to be in the "olden" days.

COUNTRY MUSIC

Country Music, U. S. A. (University of Texas Press, $7.50) by Bill C. Malone "is now presented for the first time to the public; being a history of that form of rural southern music of the United States known as Old-Time, Hillbilly, Country Western, and having among its styles Honky-tonk, Bluegrass, and Western Swing; and of the performers who made the music what it is today—Uncle Dave Macon, Fiddlin' John Carson, The Carter Family, Jimmy Rogers, Gene Autry, The Blue Grass Boys, Hank Williams, Ernest Tubb, and many others; and of the instruments employed therein." So reads the delightful dust-wrapper on this, the third book on American folksongs by the University of Texas Press. Admittedly prejudiced, this reviewer thoroughly enjoyed Malone's treatment of country music. Rooted in the South, country music began to achieve national recognition and acceptance in the '20s with the growth of radio and the beginning of recording. Country music records have found wide acclaim and a ready market in every decade. Each has produced its own artists broadening the style and interpretations, but still "country" in the best tradition. The guitar, the fiddle, the banjo, and the "country" singers are very much a part of the scene today, and I'm glad of it. Highly recommended.

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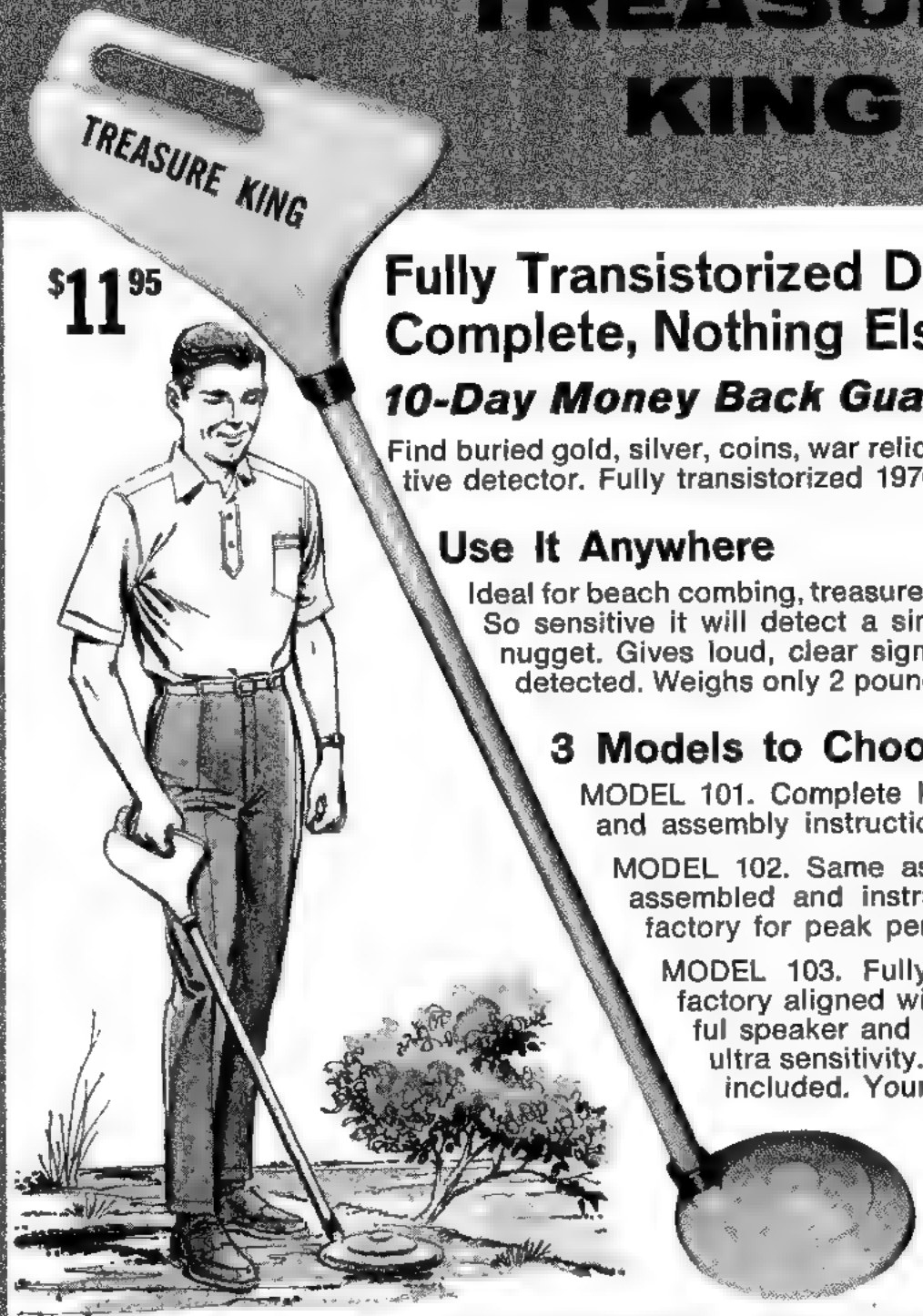

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How to Tame a Town

(Continued from page 19)

Ballarat down there, where we are going to become rich. Let's pull a cork and drink to our success."

"I'll drink to that," replied his partner.

So one toast called for another until the bottle was empty and the long shadows of Slate Mountain were slowly creeping toward the town below.

"I reckon we'd better be moving along," Judge said.

Judge was handling the ribbons; he eased the brake, cracked the whip, and away they went down the long mountain grade. He was having the time of his life popping the whip and letting out yells that would do a Comanche Indian credit. But Judge soon realized he was in trouble. At the rate of speed he was going the brakes wouldn't hold the wagon and the single-trees were hitting the teams' legs. On a curve the right wheels went over the bank, and the wagon and trailer piled up in the head of the canyon, pulling the teams with them. The partners jumped and were only bruised up but the load of booze was just about a total loss. This sobered up the partners quick and they were trying to untangle the teams when a long-line freight wagon came by. The freighter and his helper gave them a hand and got the teams on the road. Then Judge looked through the mess and found a few cases that were not broken. He and his partner loaded them on the freighter's wagon, tied the two teams behind, and took off for Ballarat.

Knowing their business venture was a flop, they invited the freighter and his helper and a bunch of their miner friends to a free booze party which lasted for a couple of days. Then it took Judge and his cabin-mate a day or two to sober up before they were ready to go back to work in the mines.

WHEN DAN took over Keeler, it was called a dry town. They had what was known as local option. The people of each town could go to the polls, and if a majority voted dry, she went dry. This was before national prohibition covered the whole country.

Keeler was full of bootleggers and every bar sold drinks on the side. Dan knew what was going on but he also knew that the men who worked the mines for long shifts needed some fun and relaxation. Unless they got rough and started fights, he just looked the other way. But the sporting girls—that was a different matter. The straight-laced women of the town had let Dan know the girls had to go. I think some of them were just a little jealous, and worried about their own menfolks.

Dan served notice on the girls to leave town, but just before each payday at the mines, a few of them would show up on the stage from Mojave. Then Dan was sure to get orders from the good sisters to get rid of them. The marshal would call on the girls and tell them they could stay over the weekend but be sure to be on the stage come Monday morning. He never had any trouble with any of them. One good thing could be said about the sporting element—bartenders, gamblers and girls—whenever a collection was taken up for a worthy cause, some widow and children whose father had been killed in a mine or a gunfight, you could always figure on these people putting gold coins in the hat while the so-called better half of the town would put in a few silver dollars.

Dan dealt with both classes as he saw fit and kept the town under control. Another thing he tried to handle with common sense was the Chinese trouble. He let them settle their own disputes, for that was the way they wanted it. One day storekeeper Joe Yow asked Dan to call the doctor from Big Pine across the valley to see if he could do anything for an old Chinaman staying at Joe's place, as all the herbs he had taken didn't seem to do any good. After the doctor looked him over, he told Dan and Joe Yow there was nothing he could do. It would be only a matter of a day or two before he would die.

After the doctor left, Joe Yow said to Dan, "Poor old man, vely much suffer long time now. I think poor old man he die tonight, no more suffer."

Dan didn't think much of it at the time but the next day he met Joe Yow on the street and asked him how the patient was feeling. Joe Yow only smiled and said, "Oh, he die last night, like I say. No more suffer."

Dan kept his thoughts to himself. Maybe the old Chinaman did die of his ailment or maybe Joe Yow kindly helped him along—who knows?

ONE DAY Dan's phone rang two long rings and one short. That was his call. On the other end of the line was the Cerro-Gordo Mine owner, Mr. Gordon. He told Dan one of his men had fallen down a mine shaft and hit the bottom about 400 feet below. He was just a pile of broken bones and what should Gordon do with the body? As long as it lay in the mine, none of the miners would go to work down there.

"Put him in a pine box," Dan said, "and bring him over to my office. We can lay him on the two saw-horses in my vacant back room and cover him with soap powder to keep him from smelling until we can hold an inquest."

The miners are a superstitious lot, especially the Chinese. Dan and a friend were sitting in the marshal's office which joined the room that held the corpse. As the evening was warm, Dan had both office windows slightly open for a breeze. At each there was a window shade which had a string with a metal ring attached to let the shade up and down. As the breeze filtered through, it caused the metal ring to hit the glass and make a little tapping noise which seemed to be coming from the room the corpse was in. What made it more weird, the tapping sounded like a miner driving a drill way down in a shaft.

"If I didn't know what that was I believe I'd take off," Dan's friend said. "It sure sounds spooky to me."

"Say," Dan laughed. "I'll tell you how

we can have some fun. You go over to the hotel bar and spread the word around that ever since I put the dead miner in my shack, it's been haunted. A tapping noise comes from the pine box he's in like the miner was hammering on a drill."

Before long, quite a crowd gathered in front of the marshal's office. Dan opened the door and put his finger to his lips for them to be real quiet. Then he motioned for them to come in. A few entered but the majority stayed outside; if they had to run they didn't want anything in their way. One little Irishman, who went by the name of Pat, had a few drinks under his belt and barged right in like he was going to take over, ghost or no ghost.

"Where's the haunt at?" he yelled. "I'm not afraid of the devil or man!"

Dan took him over to the door leading into the dark room where the corpse was laid out. Pat listened. He stood there a minute before a breeze blew through the room; then the metal rings began their tap, tap, tap.

"Saints be praised!" cried Pat as he crossed himself. "He's driving a drill in shaft number nine! Out of me way!" and he burst through the crowd, taking Dan's screen door off at the hinges. The miners on the outside took off with the Irishman and all headed back to the bar. When Pat downed a double whiskey and calmed a bit, he swore he had heard the dead miner hammering on a drill. And no one disputed his word—not even Dan.

Fanita Ranch in Flames

(Continued from page 38)

This barn housed between thirty and forty head of horses. The two south corners of the building held rolled barley. On one side of the barn was a comfortably furnished room where a German-American horse trainer, Zimmerman, lived. Adjoining his quarters were two large stalls. Here were kept two Thoroughbred mares—one coal-black named Julia—the other, a dark bay called Barbara. These two beautiful animals were already entered for competition in the five-gaited class at the San Francisco Exposition scheduled to be held in 1915. Zimmerman put them through their paces every day. For this practice they were attached to sulkies. He also employed a series of weights of different densities to assist the mares in mastering the various gaits.

On the opposite side of the barn from Zimmerman's quarters I kept the horses on which I rode to handle my work—my "string of five." One of my horses, a little bay called "Kino," I particularly loved.

One evening at sundown, as we ate our supper in our cottage which was located on a rise overlooking the barn, we noticed with horror that the structure was aflame. The horses began to scream like women. Employes from surrounding cottages sped, panting, to the barn to find an inferno. Some horses had already burned to death. Others nickered piteously.

Zimmerman was trying to get Julia and

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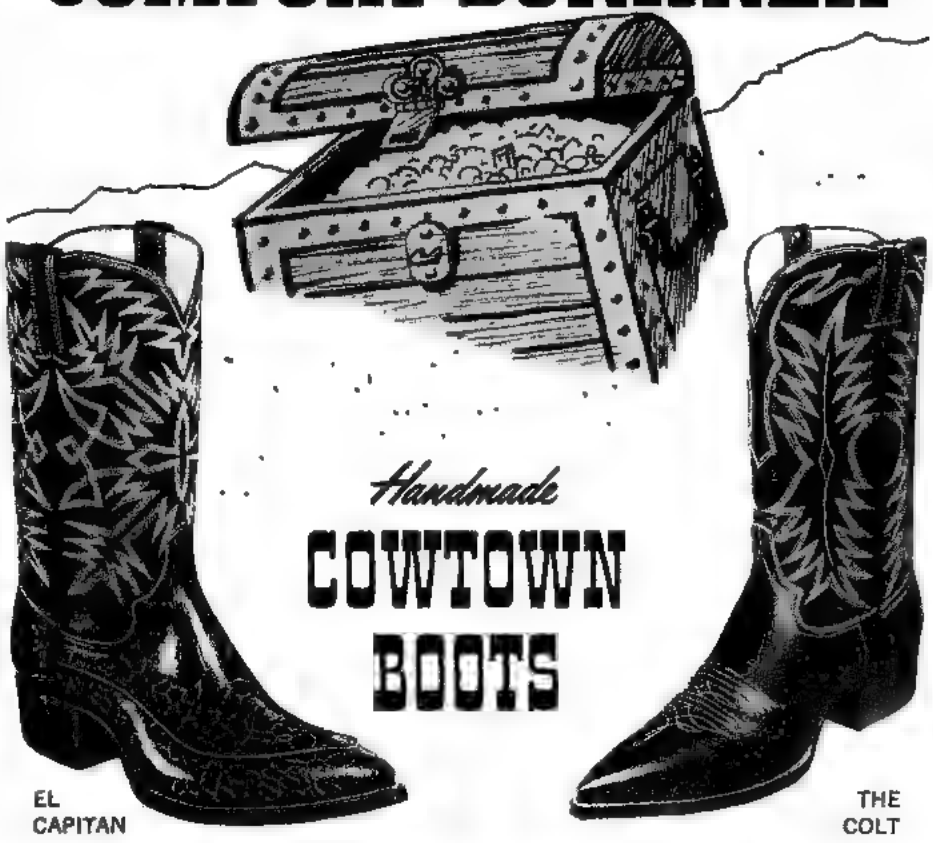

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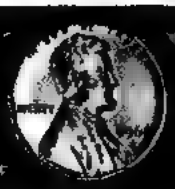

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Barbara out of the barn. He managed to lead Julia out, but when he returned for Barbara the first mare in panic followed him back into the barn. At this point the roof began to cave in and Zimmerman was forced to flee. The two prized mares perished in their stalls.

Walt Hogan and I ran about one hundred yards to the big pumps to prime them for drawing water. My little bay horse, Kino, burnt all over his body, followed behind me when we started the pumps. Whenever I stopped he would put his poor head up against my shoulder. He trembled all over. Close by the blacksmith's shop stood a barrel of raw linseed oil. One of the helpers, a woman, pulled off her apron and handed it to me. I saturated the apron with oil and put it over Kino, hoping to relieve his pain. Then I fastened him in a little corral to keep him safe until morning. Rex and Bourbon, blooded stallions, had been let out of their corral in case fire broke out too near them. We found them pawing and biting each other in their fright.

During all this commotion E. W. Scripps drove up in his car from Miramar. He stepped over to me and asked tensely, "Where's Major?"

Major was the much-loved family buggy horse now kept on pension. I had to tell him that Major had been burned to death along with many of the rest. His voice changed to a half-sob and he vowed, "I'll catch the s-o-bs who started this fire if it takes the rest of my life!"

WHEN DAWN BROKE the next day I found Kino humped over silently in pain. We led him away, along with other pitifully burned horses, and put him to rest.

Three years later the fire-bugs were caught coming out of Mexico. They wound up in the penitentiary. They had sprinkled gasoline in and around the barn and all over the hay, then lighted matches to produce the holocaust. Why? E. W. had employed eighty-five men to build a twenty-five mile white-washed fence around Fanita Ranch. Quarreling and drinking developed among the crew. (It was rumored that unrest was encouraged by the then powerful union— I. W. W.— International Workers of the World.) In any event E. W. Scripps was forced to dismiss the men. The blaze was started sometime later, in reprisal, by two or three members of the dismissed laborers. Mr. Scripps, heartbroken, advertised for sale in the San Diego *Sun* the remainder of his prize stock. Some years later he died on his yacht at sea.

When E. W. Scripps sold his horses, our fortunes changed with his. Winnie and I, with our children, returned to New Mexico to live in Gallup for a number of years before coming back to roost in Farmington.

We left Fanita Ranch around the middle of April in 1914 and got passage on the boat which plied between San Diego and Seattle. When the boat dropped anchor in the Los Angeles harbor we disembarked. One of the last remembrances of our adventures in California is the night we spent at the old Roselyn Hotel in Los Angeles before returning to New Mexico over the Santa Fe Railroad tracks.

Perhaps it was really the wonderful schooner of beer that I drank that last night in California at the Jim Jeffrey's bar close by the Roselyn Hotel, which stands indelible in my memory. My family were all tucked safely in bed. On the morrow we were going home to sagebrush and sheep. With my schooner of beer came a helping of baked beans and a side-dish of dried herring. Price? Fifteen cents! Our experience with affluent E. W. Scripps had in no way discouraged my enchantment with a good bargain.

Molly Maguires

(Continued from page 32)

the courthouse and became a citizen the day before the election, and thus became mayor of El Paso and served two terms in this post.

According to Richard Caples' late grandson, Robert Patrick Caples, "My grandfather, Richard Caples, arrived in El Paso in 1883. He had only $1,500. In a few years he had amassed one of the greatest fortunes in the Southwest at the time."

Richard Caples was a good mayor and started many much-needed reforms in this frontier town. William Caples of California said of his father, "My father was a real humorist, very Irish and he liked rugged food. He was without an education but was very good at mathematics. He insisted that all his sons have a good college education. He was six feet four inches tall, rawboned and rangy. He had bright, Irish-blue eyes. He was known as 'Honest Dick Caples'."

Ask any old-timer who lived in the Southwest during the late eighties and the nineties and you will hear them all say that one never asked a man where he was from, or about his previous line of work. A man with nothing to hide would boast of his home state and of his family and friends. When a man had something to hide, he kept quiet. Children were taught, "Don't ask questions. Oldsters don't take to it kindly."

Whatever happened in the past, it should be remembered that both the Mollies and those who had fled before them contributed to their new environment. They came in as workers on construction gangs for the railroads. They took jobs in mines. They got jobs as cowboys. Some filed on land and started ranching. Others prospected.

Charles H. Nattress remembers as a child, asking one Irishman, a rather bellicose fellow, why he had come to Chloride, New Mexico. The man replied somberly, a frown creasing his brow, "For my health, son—for my health."

These men had an adventurous, fiery spirit, and nothing could humble that spirit. People from other countries might be "foreigners," but the Irish never considered themselves so. They were dedicated to survival, and in the mining camps or on the range, "Wearin' O' the Green" was heard more often than "The Star Spangled Banner, or even "Dixie."

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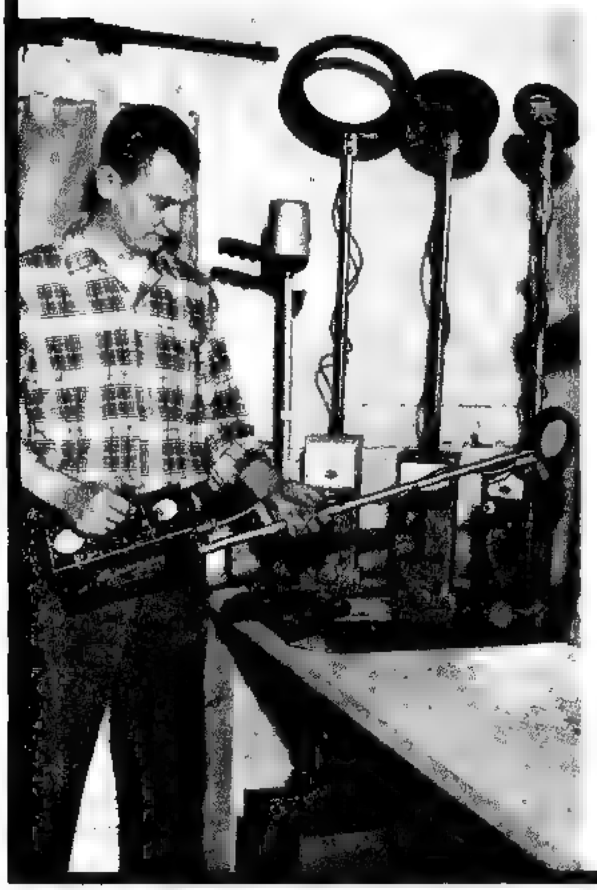

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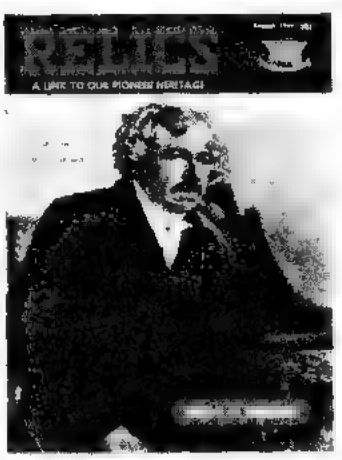

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- **KID KILLERS** (Churns) **By Robert Prester**
- **RANGE CANNING LABELS** **By Ray McGuffin**
- **DAGUERREOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES** **By Donald A. Buscombe**
- **WHAT MAKES A STORY?** (Scrap dealer's collection) **By Ike Osteen**
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No Mercy Shown

(Continued from page 23)

mouth area. The man had been dead before he hit the well bottom.

Silently Dave lay down beside his partner. If the murderer looked down the well, he reasoned, and saw two bodies in the bottom, there was a possibility he might think Dave had been struck and killed.

EVENTS PRIOR to the murder had been most ordinary. Dave and his partner, known only by his first name as so many men were, had hired out in the fall of 1865 to sink a well thirty miles west of Wickenburg, Arizona, on the La Paz-Wickenburg Road. Their monotonous existence had been broken only by the twice-weekly visits of John Duff, La Paz to Wickenburg mail rider who always stopped at their camp, and by visits of wagontrain teamsters who occasionally stayed overnight.

The evening before the murder a train from Prescott, bound for La Paz and accompanied by several travelers, had camped nearby. Next morning at daylight the train moved on, and Dave and his partner had started work at 6:00 a.m. with Dave in the well. The murder had occurred an hour later.

Dave, lying by the body, watched the loose dirt soak up blood. Bleeding was rapid for about four minutes, moderate for about six minutes, gradual for from three to five minutes, then all bleeding stopped. There were no sounds from above. Dave thought the crime might have been committed by Indians.

Dave lay rigid, fearing the killer would look down the well the instant he moved, see he was alive, and shoot him. About 8:30 a.m. Dave, feeling the murderer surely must have gone away, sat up. Would he die of starvation? He had no idea how long a man could survive without food and water—a couple of weeks, he reckoned.

Would he be rescued? Dave decided if he were saved it would be by a chance passerby who, out of idle curiosity, might happen to look down the well. For some reason Dave did not think of John Duff's regular visits, although it was the day of the week Duff usually passed by on his way to Wickenburg. Dave arose, picked up the shovel, covered the blood with dirt, then sat down again.

He was awed by the complete silence which surrounded him. It was as though all creation would henceforth be mute. There was just no noise at all except the sounds made when he moved a foot, changed position, or dislodged a stone or a piece of dirt from the well side. There wasn't even the buzzing of a fly.

Dave had not paid much attention to dirt before; now, however, he noticed several things about it. Dirt has an odor, he noticed, and in Arizona's dry climate that odor is pleasant. (Or it is if smelled under different circumstances.) And the earth was composed of layers of dirt varying widely in composition, ranging from fine silt to loose gravel. The colors of the dirt layers were diverse, spanning a spectrum from light tan to dark grey. And the rocks and pebbles Dave saw, all were smooth as if worn down by repeated tumbling about in dirt.

As the trapped man looked at what little he could see, he conceived the idea of climbing to the surface by spreading his arms and legs far apart, placing his hands and feet against the sides of the well, and inching his way to the top. He tried the escape plan, but discovered the well's diameter was too great. Perhaps, thought Dave, he could spread his legs farther apart if he removed his pants.

Dave took off his pants, and tried climbing again. After considerable effort, he reached an elevation of six feet, then had to stop because of severe cramps in the muscles about his hips. He returned to the well bottom to rest and ponder his predicament. After a few minutes the idea occurred that he could climb better barefoot.

QUICKLY, he slipped out of boots and socks, and the ascent was attempted again. Dave was encouraged by the discovery that bare feet improved his traction on the well sides, and he managed to work his way to a height of twelve or thirteen feet when his muscles cramped again. His arms also began trembling. Sweat dripped into his eyes. He breathed in heavy gasps. Nausea gripped him. In utter despair Dave realized he could never climb 130 feet to the surface, therefore he went down again to collapse, wracked with sobs, beside his dead partner.

After about ten minutes he regained control of his emotions, stood up, put on his pants and boots, then squatted in the well bottom and looked at the sky. The sun shone a few feet down the shaft, and Dave, for want of anything else to do, observed by the angle the sunlight entered the hole that the time of day was 11:00 a.m. With passing of time would come a stench, thought Dave. Dan's body had to be buried.

Dave started digging the grave. He rested frequently, being careful not to work hard enough to cause perspiration for he had only about one quart of water in his canteen. He figured the grave would be deep enough by sundown to hold the body. Dave decided to take the clothing off the body before burial, for when night came he would need all the cover he could get.

Occasionally he would rest, gazing thoughtfully at the unobtainable rope wound around the windlass drum. To keep his mind off his problem, he was estimating the hour of day, trying to guess within five minutes of the correct time. After careful contemplation of the sunlight angle, he allowed the time of day was precisely 12:05 p.m. "I should be hungry," thought Dave, but he wasn't.

Suddenly he saw a face. A man's face. The man was shading his eyes with his hands, and peering into the well. Dave did not recognize him. He thought the murderer must have returned to the scene of the crime, and his heart pounded as if it would burst. Cold sweat covered his body. He stiffened every muscle in anticipation of a bullet. He barely breathed.

"Hello," called the man.

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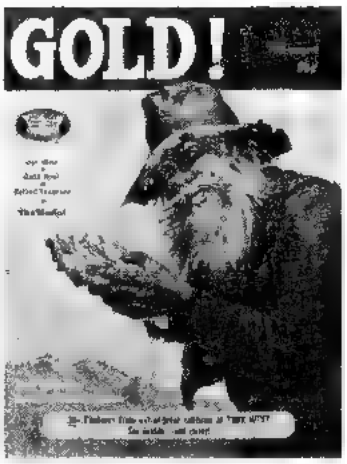

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Dave's face showed recognition, pleasure and relief as he leaped to his feet, for the man up above was the mail rider, John Duff.

"John! John Duff! My God, John! Get me out of here! Lower the bucket, John! Lower the bucket!"

"All right, Dave, calm down. I'll get you out of there."

Then Dave realized he was standing on tiptoe, shouting and clawing at the sides of the well.

"Is someone in there with you?" asked Duff.

"My partner," replied Dave, "Dan's been murdered."

John Duff talked to Dave as he eased the bucket down so that his friend would be calm enough to make the ascent. He talked Dave into tying the corpse to the rope so he might hoist it from the well. After the body had been removed, the bucket was returned to the well bottom, and Dave was pulled from his prison.

THE KILLER had made no attempt to obliterate tracks, or destroy or conceal evidence; consequently, Duff and King in a very short time were able to reconstruct the crime.

Dan had been stalked by two men wearing U. S. Army issue shoes. The murderers had waited until their prey had emptied the bucket, returned to the well, and stooped over to look down at Dave. Then one of the men, who had knelt in a clump of greasewood seventy-five yards from the well, had shot Dan in the back of the head. A used percussion cap, discarded where the killer had crouched, was some indication of the type gun used, and the fact that the victim had been hit in the head at seventy-five yards caused them to deduce that the murder weapon had been a rifle.

The men had not approached the well after committing the crime, but had robbed the camp of everything of value they could carry away, then had started walking across country heading southeast.

Dave remembered that two of the Mexican travelers who had been with the train which camped close by the previous night had worn Army shoes, and since the train had come from Prescott, Dave and John concluded the murderer and his accomplice were deserters from the Arizona Volunteer Company stationed at Camp Date Creek, which was toward Prescott from the well site.

There was no food left in camp; however John had a lunch made of two tortillas filled with beans which the men ate while John related the events immediately preceding his discovery of Dave's desperate situation.

John had ridden into camp, as was his custom, and had found the equipment scattered around. There had been so much personal gear missing that he had come to the conclusion the well diggers had left camp for Wickenburg.

Duff did not know why he had gone to the well, nor why he had looked into it. Neither could he give a reason for fortuitously having shouted "Hello" down the well. It all had been a matter of impulse.

After lunch the men buried Dan in a shallow grave, then started trailing the fugitives. They followed the trail far enough to assure themselves the Army deserters were headed for the Vulture Mine, ten miles southwest of Wickenburg. Dave and John then returned to the road and went to Wickenburg, arriving at 10:00 p.m. The murder soon became the topic of conversation all over town.

There was no law enforcement agency there; however, Joseph Blackwell and J. M. Bryan, residents of Wickenburg, started after the Mexican suspects at daylight next morning. They rode south and cut for tracks between the Vulture Mine and the Hassayampa River. Riding southeast, the men followed a plain trail to White Tanks where sign indicated a recent campfire. Blackwell and Bryan rested one hour at White Tanks. The killers were then trailed east to the Salt River crossing of the Wickenburg to Pima Villages road. The two-man posse crossed the river and camped for the night.

AT DAYLIGHT they were off on the chase again following the Army shoe tracks southeast down the road toward Pima Villages. Between the crossings of the Salt and Gila Rivers, the tracks stopped directly in front of two Mexicans who were seated beside the road. Blackwell threw down on them with his Colt, made them place their guns on the ground, and move to one side.

One man had Dave King's six-shooter.

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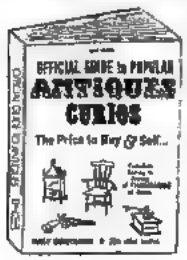

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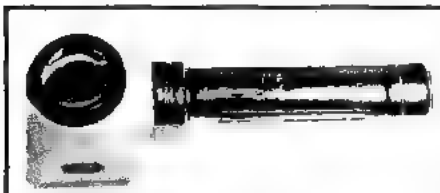

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The captives also had in their possession several articles of equipment belonging to Dave and Dan. The murderers, who did not deny their guilt, were given the choice of being hanged or shot. A shrug of the shoulders was the only answer.

Blackwell and Bryan took the criminals far enough from the road that passersby would be spared seeing their bodies, tied the men to a mesquite tree, and shot them.

The Mexicans, when captured, had a string of fish. The fish hooks used to catch these fish were the property of Dave King. After the execution, Joseph Blackwell and J. M. Bryan cooked and ate the fish for breakfast.

Money Grubbing

(Continued from page 29)

office Mr. Collins stomps up to me and says, "Reno, I always thought I could trust your honesty implicitly."

"I thought as much myself, O. B.," I says. "What's the matter now?"

"You must have taken that penny out of your own pocket and lied about it, Reno," O. B. says. "I found that penny mistake was an error in addition in my own figures." And he wasn't laughing nor smiling neither. You see what I mean.

At the time when this happened Mr. O. B. Collins was said to be worth three million dollars. In addition to his other interests he owned controlling stock in the Hillsborough Bank.

WELL, I'd worked in mills and on a farm or two, and for awhile as a carpenter in Portland, but I wasn't getting anywhere. I begun to think I should have myself a splash at making a little money. I had a few hundred dollars in the bank, but that sum fluctuated, depending on my fortunes in such games as poker, pitch, blackjack, and pedro, at which no man except a professional is uniformly successful.

I got to talking with the Crawford boys in Hillsborough, where my mother was living at that time. We decided to pool what we had and branch out for ourselves in the milling business. We dickered for a piece of timber in the Ranier section. Got it pretty well arranged by word of mouth. We was to pay $45,000 for it, but pay for it as we cut it, which we figured we could manage. So we went to Portland and made preliminary arrangements for leasing a sawmill, repairing it, and setting up a going business. When we got back to Hillsborough we found that another party had bought the timber right from under us. We was feeling pretty set back on this account, until two weeks later when the whole stand of timber burned down, being a total loss for both the owner and the man that was buying.

I went up near Buxton and built a mill for J. B. Peck, who owned the Buffalo Steamroller Company. Helped to build the mill and install the machinery. I was about twenty-eight at the time, and Mr. Peck was some impressed with my work, and so says to me, "I am considering a venture in river freighting for which I will need two barges. Have you ever built any barges, Reno?"

I says to him, "On one occasion, Mr. Peck, I helped on building a barge. I am sure that I can accommodate you."

He says, "We are cutting all the material here for two big barges which you will construct on the Willamette near Portland."

"Mr. Peck," I says, "why not cut material on the same blueprint specifications for three barges 'stead of two? I will undertake to furnish all labor and guarantee satisfaction. You furnish all the materials for three barges, and the labor will cost you nothing, but one of the three barges will belong to me."

Mr. Peck looks me over awhile and says, "Young man, I like to see ambition. It is a deal."

Well, that proposition were touch and go for a long while. I leased me some land beside the Willamette on the outskirts of Portland, where we was surrounded with many little houses and shacks. We located beside the railroad tracks where we could unload the lumber and nails and other materials convenient. On this land, which was the cheapest I could obtain, was a little shack. Here me and my crew lived. I hired me another carpenter, and two carpenter's helpers, and we set to work constructing the keels of those open barges, each one to be thirty foot broad, and a hundred and twenty foot long, made of heavy planking for carrying gravel, rock, shingles and lumber, and the like.

The boys was all sympathetic with my efforts and took low wages and not much chow—but, even so, my money in the bank was soon exhausted, and after I had borrowed $250 from my step-father and another $300 from the bank, I begun to see why businessmen always seem worried and don't sleep good nights. They can't ever stop worrying, for they no sooner finish one thing that they can quit worrying about, than they go on to another which will be the same amount of worry.

SOMETIMES the grub run pretty low on that job. We always had lines out to catch fish in the Willamette, so we had plenty to eat, but fish can get mighty tiresome. We got the notion of a new kind of fishing we might do which proved very successful. They was a thousand chickens from all over the neighborhood scampering around there just asking to be grabbed, but it weren't a good idea to do so in public.

So we cut a hole in the cabin floor, strung out a fishline and hook and worm out into the yard through the hole underneath the floor. Pretty soon along would come a big fat hen, take a grab at that hook, and we had her. We'd drag her under the house and up through that hole and have mighty fine chicken that night. We had many a good dinner that way.

We had a lot of trouble there for awhile with a little fox terrier belonging to a neighbor lady who lived in a tent house close to hand. This dog was getting into our house whenever he could, mostly when we was off at work down by the river, and ripping and tearing everything to pieces. Wasn't so much what he ate as the condition he left the house in.

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One day me and my job partner, the other carpenter, was readying tar to put on cracks in the barges. First you have to caulk all the cracks and seams with oakum and then you run tar over them with a little wheel outfit that runs right along the cracks. While we was dipping out the tar, along come that little dog wagging his stub of a tail and licking his chops, and we knowed what he'd been up to.

My partner says, "Looky that damned dog. Been in the grub box again."

"I'll fix him so he won't do it again," I says. "You act friendly and get holt of him," which he did.

While he was holding the dog, I took a paddle of that tar and slapped it on the place where his tail was supposed to be. He let out a high yip and went tearing off under a big cottonwood, scooching along the ground, trying to rub it off, and got a big patch of leaves stuck to his behind. Went on home where his mistress spied him and couldn't figure out what was the matter, so called in her neighbor and her neighbor's husband. Things looked kinda suspicious to them. They called my carpenter friend and I up to the house and asked if we knowed how it had happened.

"No," says I, "I don't know how it happened. Lots of times tar drips from the barrel onto the ground. Maybe he come around there and set on some tar."

The lady asks, "How on earth can we get it offa him?"

"Best way I know of," I says, "is to take some turpentine and rub it off."

"Have you got any turpentine? Can you get it off?"

I says, "Sure," hating to see a dog in that kind of shape.

So my partner and I performed the operation. Ten minutes later that turpentine begun to work and that dog got mighty warm; set to tearing around the neighborhood lickety-cut, yipping and howling, knocking over clotheslines and chairs. But it done the work fine, cleaned him off all right. And furthermore he never come near our grub box again, so everybody was satisfied, except maybe the dog.

SOON AFTER this we had them barges finished and floated, and not a leak anywhere in a one of them. Mr. Peck thought they was a fine job and asked how I made out, and I told him not so good. He said he'd arrange to rent out my barge if I wanted him to, and I could go to work on the tug, helping to install marine engine and marine boiler. At that time oil was coming into general use as fuel in place of wood to get up a head of steam. This tugboat I worked on, called the *Charles M. Grimer*, was being built at the same time I had been working on the barges. Eighty-six foot long, fully equipped with cabins and kitchen and mess room on the upper deck, with windows all around, and a pilot house for the captain.

Mr. Peck wanted to know, then, would I hire out for him as fireman. I'd always had a hankering to be on the river in comfortable quarters, having worked on rivers, around them or near them a good

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part of my life. And, too, the steady pay would help on my note at the bank. I didn't like feeling in debt to anybody. Hadn't ever been in debt before.

That work as fireman on the *Charles M. Grimer* was a life I fully enjoyed. We plied from Portland as far upriver as Rooster Rock and as far downriver as Clatskenine. Our load from upriver was most always rocks and gravel and from downriver upstream mostly bundles of shingles, but on occasion we hauled pig iron, cement and finished lumber. One barge was always tied up loading while the other barge was being towed. Took two barges to keep us busy that way, three, four days each trip with time off whenever neither barge was ready.

The crew for the outfit consisted of captain, engineer, fireman, barge captain, cook, and two deck tenders. On each barge we'd built a small cabin at the rear end for the barge captain, and always run with kerosene lanterns—green lights along the right rail and red lights along the left for night travel. We'd back right up to the barge and tie on close with a heavy manila hawser, so that the barge rode close agin the tug. The barge captain stayed with his barge to supervise loading and unloading, but en route he'd just step from barge to tug and spend most of his time with us boys jawing or playing cards or reading. It was a easy life for most, except maybe the captain, once we was underway. Deck hands had to keep things clean and painted, but that was about all except in cases of emergency. Pulling up at a dock, of course, or pulling away, they was kept plenty busy.

I had maybe the easiest job of all because we used oil for fuel, where before this time the firemen had to keep wood handy, cut it up, pitch it in, and the like. Pretty much all I had to do was set around and watch them gauges, keep the pressure steady in the marine boiler at 160 pounds. Pressure drop or rise—I set on deck where I could keep my eye on everything—I'd climb down the ladder and fiddle with the controls a bit to get the pressure where I wanted, then come back to cards or jest taking it easy.

Engineer didn't have much more to do than me. Keep everything oiled up and in good working order, and once in a while we'd have to clean the boiler. Then, of course, he had to foller signals, given from the pilot cabin overhead by bells—certain number back up, quarter speed, half speed, full speed. Generally we made about eight knots an hour with a load running downstream, six knots going up.

Captain had the steadiest employment with little time off. He had to foller government charts for where the channel were, and they changed a good deal from time to time as government dredges picked out new passages when the river shifted its course. At least one government dredge was kept steady busy keeping a channel clear because silt and current filled them up mighty fast.

Yes, I liked that life, taking it pretty easy most of the time, watching the river, the tall pine-covered bluffs, all the twists and curves and turns, and the many waterfalls, some hundreds of feet tall—six-seven hundred—gushing off the ridge into black pools like silky strings, silver colored.

We bunked right on the boat, had good meals and pleasant in that big dining room off the galley, with windows all around and one big table. The captain ate separate from the rest of us, so the engineer could relieve him at the wheel, but he made the meal hasty and didn't ask for much other relief because he didn't trust any of us, even the engineer, to read them government charts. Sometimes I'd go up there to the pilot room and take the wheel and do well enough, but he'd hang around all the time, just to be sure nothing went wrong. He says to me, "You stick at it long enough, Reno, you'd make a good skipper."

I says I might at that. I liked the river and this kind of work.

"Work!" he snorts. "You should seen how the old firemen worked when we had woodburning engines."

Had only one accident, serious accident. One time when the river got chopped up by a storm our load of gravel shifted and was going over, taking the tug right along with her. They was some powerful yelling and giving of orders. It so happened I was nearest and also handiest to the fire ax, and I done what the captain wanted somebody to do with all his yelling and clanging. I cut the two rope hawsers one swipe for each. The tug righted, the barge keeled over, dumped most of her load of gravel into the bottom of the Columbia and slid back upright. We reversed and tied on again, so all we lost was our load of gravel.

YES, SIR, I liked it mighty well—that life on the river, easy work, good pay, comfortable, just setting there watching the green forests and the islands and the brown water slip by, feel the engine steady and the cutting of the prow, slick like a knife through cake. You feel you're going somewheres.

We played a lot of cards, mostly poker, of which there was a preference for stud; blackjack, pitch, seven up. On the whole, poker has been my game all my life, though I never done very well at it financially. Oh, I've had my share of winning. Ought to be a past master at the game, for the time I spent in the lumber camps. But somehow I ain't never got rich at it.

They was great for card games, them camps—poker mostly, but around payday time it was blackjack and dice. Money went faster thataway, win or lose. Sometimes them games went mighty high at the camps. Not uncommon to see fifty, hundred, two hundred dollars in a pot, even when playing table limit. The boys' money was gone in three-four days. Next payday they'd be disgusted and go to Portland or Astoria and lose it all in one or two days. So it amounted to about the same thing.

In a friendly game they wasn't no cheating going on, but payday games they was plenty if you could get away with it—mirrors, slipping a card under the table or up your sleeve, marking the

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deck with your thumbnail. You sorta was on your guard to spot it, fully expecting it. When a boy was caught cheating, nothing much was done about it, no fight or nothing. But we never give him the deal anymore. He could stay in if he was satisfied to skip the deal.

Like I say, anybody plays poker knows that you win today and lose tomorrow unless you're a professional at it, and then it's just like any other business. In the early days of the lumber camps some of the boys followed the timber to play cards rather than to work—certain types that's pretty slick with the cards. But they had to put in some time in order to stay there, so you couldn't spot them right off, but generally it didn't take very long. You keep watching them and watching the cards, and pretty soon you catch them slipping a card or marking it or reaching into the discard. That was all the dealing they done in that camp. They didn't stay long after that, just long enough so it wouldn't look too obvious when they pulled out.

We did a lot of poker playing on the boat to pass the time, me setting where I could keep one eye on the gauges and the other on the cards, but just a friendly game. Not like the one Mack White, the engineer, got me into. One night when we was tied up while the barge was being loaded, he brought three Chinese on board that wanted to play poker. Sure, it was all right with me. So we starts a game on deck, kerosene lantern hanging over us to light the cards.

They was jabbering away in Cantonese amongst theirselves and to us in broken English and game went along about regular for awhile, and finally one of them who was losing drops out, but sort of hangs around. They keep right on talking in Cantonese and grinning and talking broken English. Chink boys are great for gambling. Pretty soon Mack and me begun to lose, and kept right on losing and couldn't figure out why. We watched them boys as we never watched anybody else before and couldn't see a lick of crooked work. They near cleaned us out. I lost over forty dollars and Mack lost over sixty.

"Damnation!" I said after they was gone. "Let's have another game with the China boys tomorrow night, Mack." And I outlined my plan. We took Jack Higgins, captain of the barge, in on the deal.

Next night Mack White drops out early after losing a few pots. The same Chinaman as before tries to drop out, but I won't let him. I stake him to a stack of chips. Pretty soon when only me and one of the Chinese was betting heavy on a good pot, Mack White says, looking off at the lights of Portland, "E-thray ack-jays, othing-nay else."

The Chinaman looked up hard at Mack White, who was now leaning on the rail, whistling. "What that? Whalla matta him?"

I looked mighty serious, turning my finger around my temple. "He thinks he's talking Japanese."

Of course Mack had told me in Pig-Latin all I had to beat was three jacks, so I kept pushing things up, so long as I was holding three kings, and took the pot. It went on that way quite a few hands before the three China boys caught on and left. We'd not only took all our money back, but about a hundred dollars besides, which we split three ways. The Japanese had worked even better than the Chinese had the night before.

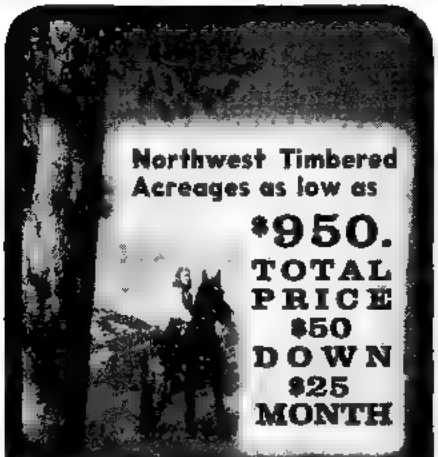
Yep, I come out the little end of the handle in a lifetime of poker playing because I always made it a principle to divide one-half everything I won and send it to my mother and, later on, to my wife, but when I lost I took the whole rap myself.

Did better with the barge. Figure I broke about even on that. For awhile the barge did right well. Managed to pay back the bank, then my step-father, and finally paid myself back and a little over and was thinking now was the time to sell the barge, cash in on my chips, when I got a phone call from the company renting her saying she'd burned clean up carrying a cargo of oil, but of course I had insurance on her? Well, you know, I just never even thought about insuring her, and that ended my life on the river.

Old Solitaire—Bill Williams

(Continued from page 11)

Springs (Colorado) area—during which time he saw only a few scattered Utes. These Indians had always interested Old Bill. Theirs was a primitive domain of about 90,000 square miles which covered roughly the western slope of Colorado and the eastern half of modern-day Utah.



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A strong nation numerically, they lacked something as a warlike people; they were poor, naive, shy, yet sneaky. Old Bill understood them and tried to help them, as he had the Osages in days gone by.

After about a year Bill had his mind made up, and he returned to Fort Bent. For once nothing seemed to have changed. Other veteran mountain men were coming and going, with the usual celebrations, and when Old Bill had his "belly full" he prepared to return to the hills. Soon it would be winter in Uteland, and his main chance to make that big haul which would set him up for life. He carefully packed two good horses with supplies, and headed toward the setting sun.

BILL WILLIAMS made a flamboyant entrance into the Utes' main winter camp at Hovenweep (Natural Bridges National Monument) and posed as a shaman back from the Spirit World endowed with supernatural powers. He fired off a Dupont firecracker which billowed multicolored smoke high above the red pinnacles where the west wind wafted it so far one could imagine the sky was burning. To these isolated Utes, most of whom had never seen a white man, let alone a red-haired one, "stranger hatred" was an inborn instinct, yet they froze in awe; Big Red instantly became a legendary figure of Spirit-like proportions.

Dressed more weirdly than the most ardent Medicine Man ever dreamt, he wore a great bighorn ram skull with its full-curve horns garlanded with purple silk ribbon entwined with hawkbills and tiny silver bells around two braids of white moleskins (made at Bent's Fort by Cheyenne women). His long-fringed, elkskin jacket and cape (colorfully daubed in Aztec symbols by Cibolero women) hung to his leggin's trimmed with badger tails; his moccasins were curve-toed of horsehide; his neckband was of gold and silver linkage, studded with turquoise (by Navajo craftsmen); his long earrings were of spun gold studded with bloodstone, of Spanish-California origin; his wide belt was inlaid with polished cougar and grizzly bear tushes (from Taos). He had cached his rifle, pistol and Green River knife before making his entry, so the only weapon visible was the polished thighbone of some large man.

It wasn't long before Bill was comfortably settled in a huge hogan, built of hides to his specifications, with "two comely sisters who looked after his every wish and smelled more of juniper berries and beavertails than of buffler boudins and tongues as did the Osages."

By 1841 he was in so solid with the Utes and their northern neighbors, the Bannocks, that he set up a trading post on the green Seetskedee at a place known as Brown's Hole. He then rebuilt his old hideout on the Popo Agie, trapped along Flaming Gorge and competed for trade which formerly had gone to Jackson's Hole and Pierre's at Bear Lake. This was territory under the control of Jim Bridger and Peter Ogden, and some bloody interfactional fights ensued, with both sides losing valuable trapping time and many good men.

It was during this era that the influence of the mountain men waned in the vast ranges of the intermountain West. Rot-gut whiskey had become plentiful and Indian men could not resist it; nor could the women resist the apparent wealth and wiles of the bold white men. Reliable percussion-cap rifles had also fallen into the hands of the warriors. Samuel Colt, however, had improved and was distributing his percussion-cap six-shot Paterson Model revolver and his six-shot Colt-Paterson rifle.

IN MARCH 1842 an enterprising trader from St. Louis brought into Bent's Fort a string of five packmules, each loaded with twenty Paterson belt guns and twenty rifles and ammunition (balls, caps and powder). Naturally the mountain men were his first and best customers, each usually buying two revolvers and one rifle. This armament made the mountain man a formidable opponent with twelve shots in his belt guns and six in his rifle, a firepower which could and did stand off most any drink-crazed warparty of Indians.

Old Bill had missed the autumnal rendezvous at Popo Agie, due to the fights at Bear Lake, and now with new snow hitting the high peaks he decided to head south. It was either that or spend a miserable winter in the mountains with nothing more to eat than meat and pinenuts. He collected all the furs and other tradable items he could manage and headed cross-country, southeast to Bent's, using the Ute men as packers. At Bent's he made the usual deals, and in short order sent the Utes back home with the supplies and trinkets he'd promised the tribe; then Bill settled down for a good long drunk with the Bent Brothers, Kit Carson, Bill New, and Francois Xavier Aubry.

Spring was in bloom when Old Bill and Kit Carson took the notion to go back to Missouri to visit the scenes of their boyhood. Old Bill stopped by the homes of his half-Osage daughters, both of whom now were married with children of their own, and hardly remembered him. In Missouri, considering the lukewarm reception the prodigal son got—after all he had been gone thirty-five years—and what with the way the country had crowded up, he soon had a "hankerin'" for his beloved mountains where the wild winds blew and a man was free.

In August Carson returned to Taos, but Old Bill teamed up with George Perkins in St. Louis to guide a packtrain of merchandise to the North Platte. They worked through the buffalo country, trading with Pawnee, Arapaho, Kiowa, Cheyenne and Arickarees all the way to the Black Hills. Business was brisk. Old Bill was invited to join the Hunkpapa Sioux who were preparing to raid a Crow village on the Belle Fourche near Devil's Tower, for their horses.

Old Bill, Perkins, and Bill Hamilton stashed their remaining merchandise and furs and joined up for the fun of it—and nearly had their "final" fun as the Crows were expecting the visit and had an ambush all set up. The Sioux were half "used up" and the survivors fled,

blaming Old Bill and his friends for the disaster. The three mountain men escaped the raiders' wrath but had to abandon their cache and had nothing left other than the horses they rode.

The white men made it down to Bent's Fort where Old Bill joined up with Ceran St. Vrain in 1843 for a trading venture into the Wind River country and the Grand Tetons. The party ranged on westward, trading with the Bannock, Blackfeet, Nez Percé and Cayuse tribes along the Snake and Boise Rivers. Entering the densely forested Umatilla watershed they found a strange land with strange people: "Fat hawgs whut et nuthin' but fish . . . yuh shore gotta stay upwind frum 'em." These Indians were hard to get along with, too, and fights delayed the mountain men. Two years passed before Old Bill got back to Bent's Fort with a batch of furs and grizzly claws that in the old days he could have collected in half the time.

The change in conditions was fully apparent but Bill decided to ignore the obvious once more. He headed back into Ute country with a party of four old-time mountain men and one army deserter, one writer, two Delaware Indians and one Shawnee. This motley crew was just departing from Bent's when Colonel (later General) Stephen Watts Kearny and his army of Missouri men arrived and attempted to take over the fort and conscript Old Bill and his trappers as scouts for Kearny's invasion of New Mexico and seizure of Santa Fe. Bill declined his role in the Manifest Destiny, and headed west. His party trapped along the headwaters of the San Juan, but gave it up as "poor doin's" and returned to Fort Bent.

IN THE SUMMER of 1845, Captain John Charles Fremont arrived at Bent's Fort to recruit guides and packers for his third expedition across the Great Divide. Tom "Brokenhand" Fitzpatrick had been Fremont's guide to this point, but had to leave due to prior commitments. Old Bill signed up to take his place and guide the Fremont party to Great Salt Lake via Spanish Fork Canyon and Timpanogas Lake. Kit Carson, by prior arrangement, caught up with the expedition at Salt Lake, and Bill took his discharge and returned to the southern Rockies where he rejoined his old friends among the Utes.

In the spring of 1848 he accepted a handsome cash offer to be scout and interpreter for Captain Samuel A. Boake who was leading a troop of Missouri Volunteers against the marauding Jicarilla Apaches. In Cumbres Pass the Volunteers encountered a war party of 250 Apaches, led by Chief Lobo Chama who was determined to wipe out once and for all the Longknife soldiers in the Raton Mountains north of Santa Fe. The battle had hardly begun when 200 Moache Ute warriors joined the fray. Old Bill, the out-rider scout, recognized foxy old Chief Tamouche whose clan frequently intermingled with the Jicarillas. He called to the Ute leader and gave the tribal signal. Tamouche recognized his erstwhile red-head shaman and within

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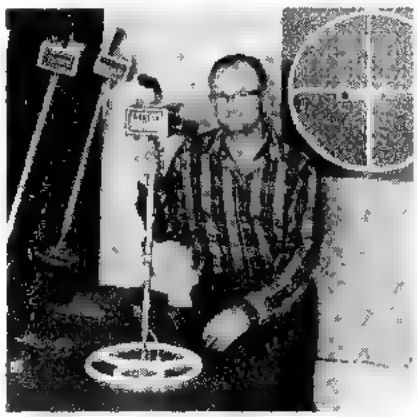

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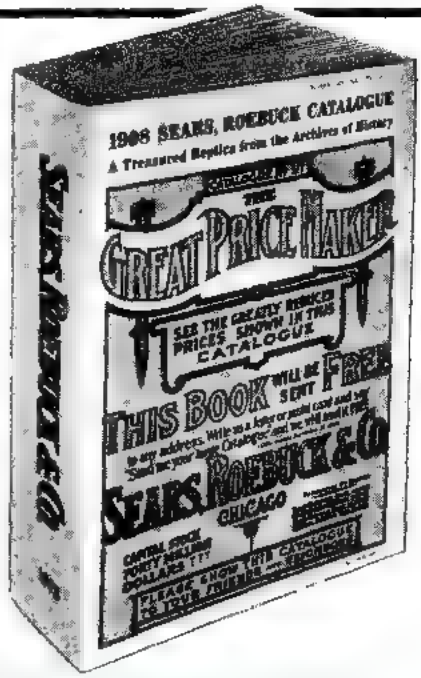
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minutes the battle aborted and turned into an old friends' powwow. Only four Indians and four Longknives were killed or wounded—something to talk about later.

Warriors and soldiers mingled, and before long juicy elk and deer haunches were roasting, and a half-dozen goatskins filled with rank mescal were being passed around. When food and drink were used up Old Bill called a council meeting and had his say. The parties then split up and went their separate ways, with Bill Williams once again riding with his Ute friends to a great ceremony in Hovenweep where he was adopted into the Ute Nation on a permanent basis.

The old trapper was back at Bent's Fort selling his furs in November 1848 when John C. Fremont, now a colonel, came through for his fourth expedition west. Again the "pathfinder" came under the influence of the top-cutter of mountain men—the man who had found more paths through the intermountain West than the highly publicized Easterner had ever dreamt existed. Shrewdly, Fremont took advantage of Williams' mountain prowess and signed him on again. He had already engaged Kit Carson—which was not his shrewdest move as Carson and Williams had not been trail *compadres* since the back-to-St. Louis episode. Tom "Brokenhand" Fitzpatrick, Micajah McGehee, Alexis Godey, the three Kern Brothers—Doctor Benjamin J., cartographer Edward M., and journalist Richard H.,—and a number of other old-timers were also on hand. By November 19 the expedition of thirty-two men, forty-two horses and fifteen packmules left Bent's for Pueblo (Colorado) where Old Bill urged Fremont to hole up for a spell as the weather had turned unseasonably bad.

Colonel Fremont insisted they could make it at least through the Sangre de Cristo Range to the San Luis Valley before winter set in throughout the high country. Old Bill's bones told him otherwise. Fremont persuaded him to lead on, however; then ordered Carson to take five men and swing south to Taos and pick up certain supplies and meet the main party at the San Luis ford of the Rio Grande headwaters. Fremont's intention, based solely on an Ashley map he had, was to stop and re-equip in the somewhat sheltered climate of the San Luis before crossing that range at Cochetopa Pass.

Old Bill argued for a crossing at Cumbres Pass at the lower San Juan River. Fremont again prevailed and the main party, without Carson, headed for Williams Pass—a 10,000-foot-high cut which is now called Poncha Pass. Nearing the top on November 30, they were stalled by the worst blizzard Old Bill, or the other mountain men, had seen in all their years along the Continental Divide.

It had been snowing constantly for seven straight days and nights. On level spots the cover was nearly twice the height of a tall man (about nine feet) and drifts covered boulders and small canyons so that the high glens appeared level and deceptively smooth. The expedition finally made it to the quaking aspen groves at timberline, and the peaks above were windswept bald and white. Dissension among the men set in, with Fremont stubbornly insisting they go on, just as he made other decisions which at times were not even good guesses. By December 17, they had struggled to the awesome top and Fremont made the sullen admission that he may have made a mistake. Provisions had run low, horses and mules had floundered, much of the equipment had been lost, and when Old Bill said they were 160 miles from the nearest white settlement and 90 miles from the nearest friendly Indian village, Fremont was appalled. The old mountain man offered to go for help, but Fremont was in a totally negative frame of mind. "How cum yuh hire guides whut know th' kentry ifn yuhn won't take thar wo'd fo' hit?" Old Bill demanded.

Fremont panicked. He said he would split the expedition into three groups, on the theory that at least one group would get through and bring back help.

"Thet's even dumber," Old Bill growled. "Only me er Broken Hand cud make hit."

Bill then told half the men to bunch up and stomp a pit in the snow, and the other half to bring in heaps of wood for fires to keep man and beast from freezing stiff. After a miserable night Fremont talked Williams into taking several men and heading south for the San Luis ford to meet Carson, or to intercept him between that point and Taos. The old mountain man chose three strong young men: Henry King, Thomas Breckenridge and Fred Creutzfeldt. They set forth on Christmas Day.

BY JANUARY 12, 1849, the four men had passed the San Luis-Rio Grande junction and still had fifty miles to go. They had averaged about ten miles a day. If Bill Williams, now sixty-two, had been alone he'd have been snugged down in Taos days ago. King was the first to give out. It was impossible for him to go any farther on his frozen feet and empty stomach. It was colder here, but the snow was less than hip deep. Thinking of the main party, King's companions made him as comfortable as possible and then struggled on. The next morning Creutzfeldt was too weak to continue. Old Bill and Breckenridge drew twigs to see who would wait while the other made a last ditch effort to find food. Breckenridge won and luckily found a stranded deer within an hour. He shot it, cut out the liver and ate it like a wolf.

This gave him strength enough to cut out one haunch and struggle back to his two companions. Old Bill seized the venison and tore mouthfuls off the bone and swallowed it with a minimum of chewing. Creutzfeldt came out of his frozen stupor and also gorged himself. Williams and Breckenridge then went and dragged in the remainder of the deer carcass. While they were gone Creutzfeldt took what was left of the haunch and went back to find King. He found him dead, frozen solid in the exact position they had left him the day before.

The night passed and in the morning the remaining three men were gnawing

away at the venison carcass when they heard a rifle shot, to which they replied; soon they heard the thump and clatter of horse hoofs in snow on rocky ground. In a short time Fremont and the main party, guided by Fitzpatrick, straggled in.

Five days after Bill's departure the sky had cleared and from their high vantage point the stranded group were able to view the mountains in all directions. Brokenhand Fitzpatrick oriented the party, and Edward Kern drew a map of the terrain. Fremont took Fitzpatrick's advice and cached all their equipment except absolute necessities, then they circled around to a side canyon and worked south along the lee side of a mountain. Eventually Fitzpatrick picked up Old Bill's trail and they followed it.

Now everyone was mounted again, although some had to ride double. A day later they encountered a small band of Utes out foraging, who recognized Old Bill. The Indians fed the white men and saw to it that every man had a horse.

The party made it to Taos on January 20, and found that Kit Carson was just on the verge of riding out to the San Luis rendezvous. Of the thirty-two men who had started from Bent's Fort almost three months before, only twenty-one made it to Taos.

The embittered Fremont publicly accused Bill Williams of cannibalism, blamed him for the disasters which had befallen the expedition, and summarily fired the old mountain man. Letters and journals left by the Kern Brothers testify to this in detail, and are still to be found in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. They relate how others had to restrain Old Bill from "fixin' Fremont's feet" and how they got him stony-drunk to cool him down. When he came to, Fremont was gone, heading west to California, guided by Carson and Godey.

Old Bill, once he got going again, signed up with Major W. W. Reynolds to act as guide for a company of Dragoons heading into the Raton Range on the trail of dissident Apaches and Utes. In the days that followed the column came within a day's ride of the mountain pass where Fremont had cached his equipment.

Old Bill decided to go and see what he could salvage. A party of Cochetopa Ute warriors led by the unpredictable Chief Chico Vasquez, a *mestizo* of Ute, Apache, Mexican and Navajo forebears, found Old Bill there and evidently thought he had betrayed them and was leading soldiers to their stronghold. The next day a Dragoon search party found Old Bill dead, with Ute arrows in his back.

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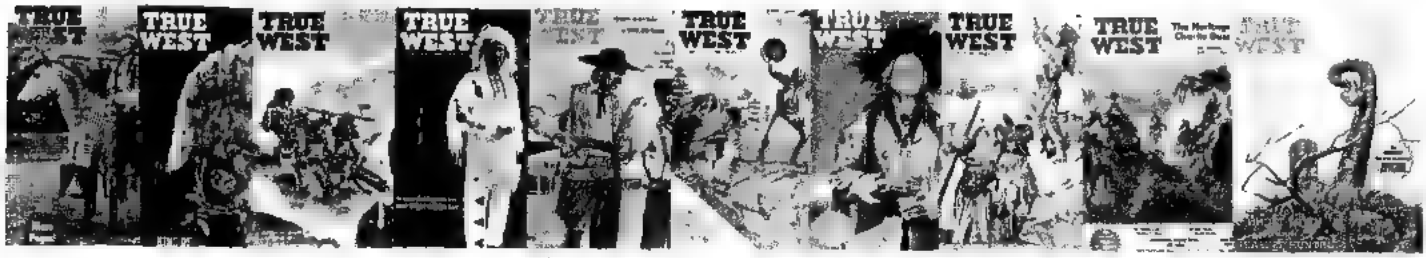

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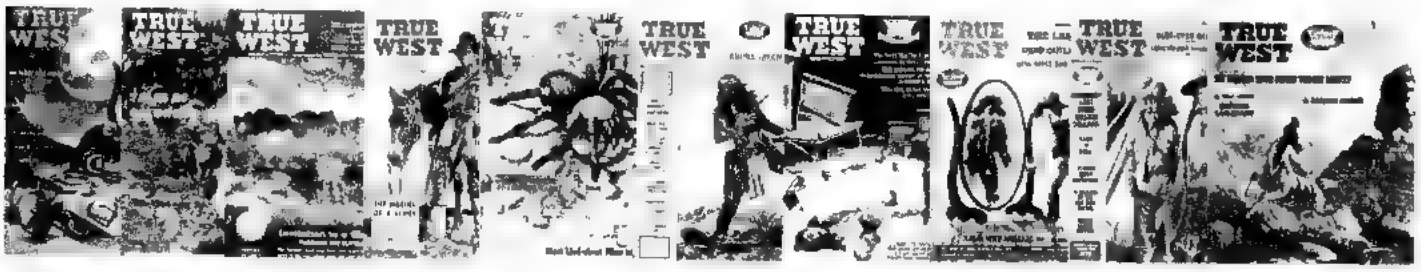

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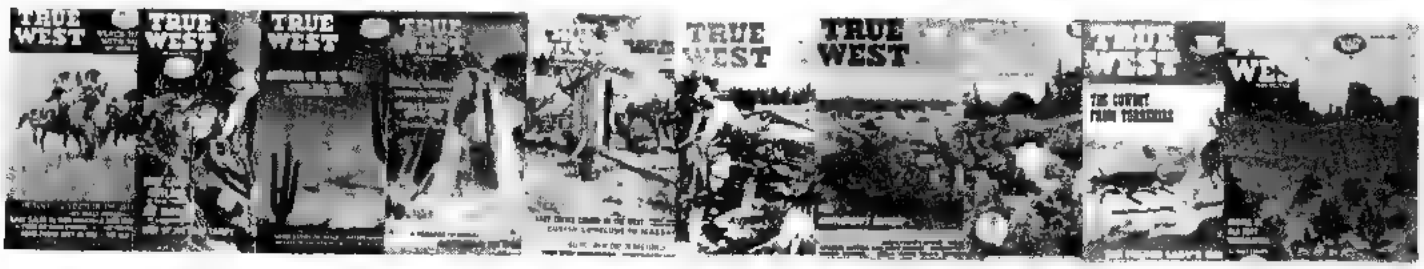

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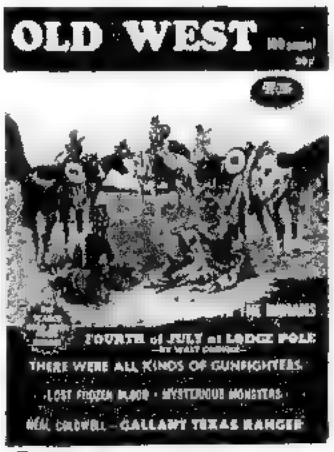

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Phantom Stallion

(Continued from page 22)

again. They were most determined to take him for a nice reward then offered.

Despite a previous record of being hard to approach and capture the stallion fell this time with surprising ease. Two Indians hiding in some brush spread a noose in a snare with the rope end fastened to a tree. One afternoon the stallion came down the trail, walked into it, and the trap closed. He no longer wore any part of Arapaho riding gear.

Leaving the fighting, screaming animal tied, a fast rider was sent to inform Major Brisbin who immediately dispatched a wagon and several troopers to secure the stallion with a trace chain. Tied fast to the wagon the horse went along the river toward the cavalry camp docilely enough for about five miles. Then suddenly he reared and pitched around.

One end of the chain had been run through an end ring to fashion a noose. It choked the horse partly down, but as riders were rushing in, trying to get a rope on him, a link broke. Despite being almost surrounded, the stallion charged free and, with four feet of chain whipping his forelegs, fled into the mountains once more.

For the next episode in the saga of the phantom stallion, pioneer Wyoming stockmen offered two explanations. The majority seemed convinced that somewhere in the horse's brain the knowledge lingered that only man could relieve him of the punishing chain which created sores on his neck and forelegs and impeded fast running.

Other stockmen believed that either wild animals or Indians had forced his *manada* to other ranges, and the stallion —when free again—could not locate them. Whatever the cause, he appeared in the lower end of Wind River Valley alone.

On War Department records Major Brisbin's camp was called a "post." The command's horses, among which were mares and some mules, grazed between the outpost and high bluffs to the west. One morning the wild horse appeared on the bluffs. Running back and forth he would neigh, appearing to want to come down to the spread of stock but was afraid to do so.

The circumstance was reported in camp. The same thing happened on succeeding days, the stallion running back and forth along the rim of the bluffs, sometimes dangerously near the knife edge. When riders approached the bluffs it was obvious that the length of chain had barked his forelegs badly. Permision was asked of Major Brisbin to run the phantom stallion in another recapture effort.

A lover of horses and knowledgeable in their handling, Major Brisbin decided to use different tactics than before. He gave orders to ignore the horse; leave him strictly alone. This resulted finally in the stallion's coming off the bluffs to the luxuriant grazing below. The first few times the stallion stayed only briefly with the horses on the side away from herder-guards. Then his stays began to lengthen until hours were spent grazing peacefully with the cavalry mounts, provided no rider approached within rope-throwing distance. In time he lost even that vestige of caution.

At this point Major Brisbin set his final strategy in motion. Most of his command and all the Arapaho scouts were utilized. The passes to the bluffs and hills were closed with riders. Troopers on the fastest mounts ran the stallion in relays from one point to another. Racing for one exit the horse found it blocked. Wheeling, banging the chain against sore-covered legs, he tried for another escape opening only to have the same thing happen.

It seemed they would never tire down the brown stallion, but late in the afternoon a wiry corporal mounted on "Old Abe," a big black Missouri racing mule, took over.

OLD ABE was with the 7th Regiment of the 2nd Cavalry when the regulars of the Indian fighting army came west to guard immigrant trails, miners, and stockmen against wholesale raids by the Sioux, Cheyenne, Blackfeet, Utes and remnants of lesser Indian tribes. Old Abe thought the chase was a race, continually running past the lathered, tiring stallion. The expert rider, however, soon made Abe realize that he was to go alongside the stallion and remain there. With the brown horse's mane and tail flying in the wind, Old Abe eased up against him to maintain the same speed. The rider got a rope over the straining head.

Instead of slowing down, the stallion proved too tough to be handled that way. Other riders could not reach the scene in time to help before the trooper had to let go. He did free the rope, but in doing so seized the chain end and managed to get a couple of dallies around the horn of the stock saddle he rode. By the time his companions arrived the stallion was choked down on the ground.

The horse was in a most pitiful condition, with maggots and running sores. The chain had knocked off most of the skin on his lower forelegs and cut a very deep suppurating fistula on his neck. The wounds would take a long time to heal and in the process would leave big scars.

In camp a veterinary sergeant took over treatment immediately. The stallion offered no trouble at all, quickly winning the affection and approval of the trooper. He seemed to understand that only men could heal his hurts. Following the sergeant at heel, he was to all appearance a long-time gentled horse.

It was hard to believe that the stallion had ever been a vicious killer beast of the wild bunch. Indeed, he became something of a pet. Any trooper approaching was certain to have sugar, salt, hard bread or some other tidbit, and the horse always advanced to meet him. While his healing progressed he grew fat and lazy.

Half a dozen riders surrounded the stallion as a precaution the first time he was saddled. But he did not offer once to pitch. In fact, a touch of the reins brought instant obedience, showing that once he had been carefully trained. The troopers decided to give him to Major Brisbin, but on hearing the plan, the major rejected it.

ELECTRONIC

"Old Abe and Corporal Riley are from the 7th Regiment," he said. "They should have the stallion."

The portion of the 7th Regiment with Major Brisbin's command was only a detachment of two officers and less than a hundred men. Within a short time all had enjoyed the privilege of riding the stallion. Under the regulation McClellan saddle used on him, the top blanket of blue extended to swallow-forked corners. The edges were embossed and tasseled in gold. Each corner contained the figure "7." The specially made bridle with silver bits was adorned with metal symbols of the 7th Regiment and "USA." A red plume lifted from the headstall.

Peaceful families of Indians always hung around the camp's environs. Many of them also lived in the valley. All (except the Arapahos) stood at a respectful distance viewing the stallion in great awe. They told the troopers many superstitious tales about the horse, giving solemn assurance that his power for magic was "heap no-good."

A score of names were suggested for the horse. Among them were Seventh, Phantom Steed, Grasshopper Jack, Wind River, Brownie and even Old Abe. But the 7th already had a valued Old Abe. Considerable enthusiasm arose for a name honoring Major Brisbin, hence Grasshopper Jack. No specific one had been agreed on when the horse himself concluded the matter in a grand finale.

AS FALL approached, the command broke camp, setting forth on a march for old Fort Bridger on the Oregon Trail. By easy stages the force reached lower Green River and went into camp in the late afternoon. The animals were watered in relays near sundown. The trooper in charge of the stallion that day led him the short distance by the standard army halter. Quite often the horse wasn't haltered or led by a rope at all (being just that tame, the proud trooper believed). The farthest thing in his keeper's mind that sunset was that the stallion could possibly want to break away to run loose in the wilds again.

Yet, while moving at a bare walk beside the trooper, the horse was preparing his escape. Short halter rope slack, head almost against the trooper's side, the stallion suddenly reared upward. In a flash he wheeled right, jerked free, and sprinted from view into the river timber while the trooper stared in disbelief.

Regaining his wits, the man began running and yelling for help. The alarm brought riders in a hurry, but none believed the horse would go far. Some even believed the stallion would return at dark to receive his feed bag of grain—but nobody in Major Brisbin's command was destined to set eyes on the wild horse again.

With the new dawn, trailers took up the deeply indented tracks of the stallion. Patrols were dispatched to scour the countryside. The trackers found sign which they followed up Green River to what is now known as New Fork.

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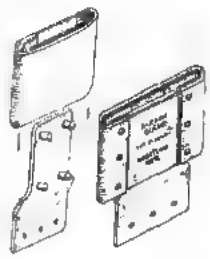

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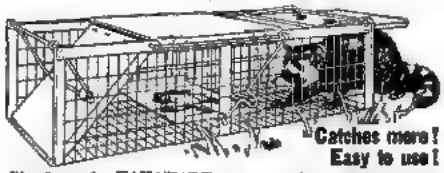

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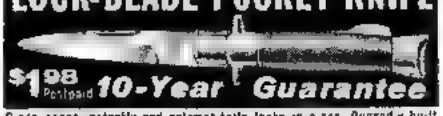

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the stallion started climbing into higher elevations through the rockiest terrain imaginable, the trailers lost him. They carried on their unsuccessful search for a week before rejoining the command, which had gone on to Fort Bridger. The following spring, with halter gone, the stallion was spotted back on his former range. The soldiers were out of the country by then.

Great areas of Montana and Wyoming were in the throes of a general Indian uprising which was to culminate in the tragic Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River. Scattered bands of Indians living in the mountains and valleys saw the stallion often, again protecting a special *manada*. When the wind howled at night they swore the magic horse of evil spirits was running, and they fastened themselves in their lodges.

Except for Indian tales, however, the phantom stallion dropped from the records until white stockmen began moving into northwestern Wyoming. By then the great Indian marches and countermarches had ended. The warring tribes were imprisoned on reservations.

"Bib" Gray of the Gray and Shimmerell Cattle Company discovered the wild stallion on the outfit's range in Wind River Valley, but several attempts to capture him proved futile. The sight of even a far rider sent the horse plunging away in flight. The inaccessible crags and deep canyons of the mountains became his favorite hiding places. Every goat and deer trail, winding over impossible places into nowhere, were used for courses of escape.

A famous wild horse hunter from Montana tried his best to bring him in. Carrying a long-barreled rifle he planned to crease the stallion if he could not trap him or get within roping distance. After four months of stalking, he quit in disgust, returning to Montana's Rockies.

By this time the stallion was surely getting old. Some guesses were that he was between twenty and twenty-five years of age. His wild *manada* began to decline. Members were killed by wild animals, or by men with rifles. Others were captured in waterhole pole traps. When down to a mere remnant the stallion began moving into stockmen's ranges at night. Especially during stormy weather did he close in on ranches to entice mares away from their owners.

The tame mares invariably returned to the home ranch, or were found after considerable searching and driven in. The stallion's get were blocky, strong-muscled, sturdy colts, intelligent and easily trained into the best cutting and stock handling mounts.

Many stockmen began moving mares into the stallion's grazing area, picking them up a few months later. In this way they gained the greatly desired colts. By common consent the wild horse was left strictly alone in his old age, and hunters were barred from molesting him.

What finally happened to the phantom is not actually known. Long after he disappeared from the mountains and the verdant valley, dried hides with bones were found in several places in the region. Various men "identified" the remains as those of the famous stallion, but their "proof" was most doubtful.

Probably the wild horse succumbed to a harsh winter in the mountains, or to disease. Wild animals would have devoured the carcass and scattered the bones that had carried him on so many races to freedom.

Prospecting in the Thirties

(Continued from page 27)

and beads which looked like the lace on a pillow slip.

SINCE ALL WATER had to be hauled from two or three wells, a miner in the Jicarilla had to have barrels and big flat pans called vats to recirculate what water there was. Dad and I built a couple of vats and a crude rocker out of scraps, bought a small drift pick and borrowed everything else. Due to that water scarcity, the only dirt that was worth washing was the high grade just a few inches above bedrock in the gulches. The rest of the dirt was hauled up and thrown away as "overburden."

A couple of guys near us said we could work out of their shaft and drift downstream as they were going up the channel. That saved a lot of work to start with, just putting a shaft down to bedrock which might be ten to forty feet deep. We worked hard all day and cleaned up maybe a dollar's worth of gold. But somehow it seemed worth it. Actually two men could live on a dollar a day then, since there wasn't any rent or water bills or nothing much; just food and a little jug of gasoline to buy once in a while. (I think gas was fourteen cents a gallon and a person could buy an armload of groceries for a dollar.)

We hadn't been at work but a few days when the sheriff came up to see a guy who lived close to us with his family in a little slab cabin. This man I'll call Bill—any other names I'll be mentioning are real but maybe I shouldn't use Bill's real name, because a bunch of men died that day.

Bill was some kind of a law officer and judge, I never knew exactly what, or whether federal in the national forest or just in that mining district. But he had authority of arrest and trial where we were. One day I saw him conduct a trial sitting on a stump in a piñon thicket while the jury and defendant squatted on the ground around him. It was a fair trial and he was respected, but things weren't very formal up there.

Bill looked a whole lot like Will Rogers, with the same lock of hair hanging down over one eye. He was slow speaking and friendly and liked to talk. But he wouldn't talk about his "law" business. One morning early, before we went to work, we were standing out in front of Bill's cabin talking to him when the sheriff pulled up in an old floppy-topped touring car. The sheriff got out and we all squatted down to talk, as customary.

"Say, Bill," he said, "there's a tough jigger brought his gang out here from back East to cool off a while. This jigger figured while he was out here they might as well collect a little money from the

hicks to buy ice cream sodies or something—so they stuck up a bank yesterday about quittin' time."

Bill didn't say anything and the sheriff chewed awhile, "Me and a couple of my boys run them down this morning about daylight but they holed up in one of them dry washes down in the flat. There's too many of 'em and we can't get to 'em. You wanta go down and help me?" He sort of squinted across ninety miles of country. "I figured you and me could sort of work around to the other side and jump 'em out while the other two boys stay on this side."

Bill straightened up and said, "O.K. Wait till I get my gun." He came back out immediately, carrying what was then a late model, small bore "varmint" rifle, of which he was very proud, and stuffing an extra box of cartridges in his pocket. They got in the sheriff's old car and went bouncing off down the hill toward Ancho.

That was early in the morning. That afternoon near sundown the sheriff's old car came boiling back up the hill again and let Bill out. The sheriff said, "Shore thank you."

Bill just nodded.

I was curious as a cat so I walked over and intercepted him. Bill was holding his rifle by the barrel, carrying it backward over his shoulder as he walked along, dog tired and dragging.

I couldn't help but ask questions. "Did you find them?"

"Yup."

"What happened?"

"Most of them are dead."

"What happened to the boys that were with you?"

"One dead—one hurt bad."

He went in the cabin and that's all he would ever say. As I've mentioned, we saw no newspapers and I have never read it officially so I don't even know for sure where the bank robbery took place, but I think it was at Carrizozo.

We not only had no papers and no radio, but none of the bunch around us even had a watch; we didn't seem to care what time it was anyway. We took off work on Sunday, but that was usually after an argument about whether it really was Sunday or not. Long hours for little money, but we enjoyed living every day. Now I think it was because of just that—no clocks, no telephones, no newspapers.

THE SECOND summer my lifetime partner came out with us. He had wanted to come the first trip but had a steady job and hated to quit. His health was bad and he could eat hardly anything.

During the winter we had built a little gasoline engine-driven gold washer and hauled it out on a trailer made from the rear wheels of a Model "T." It helped some but there was still the water shortage. The price of gold had gone up so there were more miners in every district than before.

The first summer my dad and I had gone on out to Arizona looking for a better place. We tried an area around Skull Valley, then went down to the Mexican border where we got into a nest of border businessmen who slept all day and got ready to go to work about sundown. Only two Anglos were in this district and one of them said that this group sold American cows in Mexico and Mexican cows in the States. Sort of a coming-and-going business.

This made us a little restless as we figured someone might come around looking for a bill of sale and those guys were camped right near us. Most of them were fairly young Spanish-Americans with the fanciest clothes and saddles I have ever seen. But they were real polite and courteous. Every night when they saddled up and rode off each would nod or touch his hat and say, *"Adios"* or *"Manana."*

But when a burro fell in the only well for miles around and the Mexican miners only shrugged their shoulders and smiled sort of a sad little smile like it was an act of the gracious *Dios*—and what could a man be expected to do about it? That was too much. We left.

Back in the Jicarilla Mountains of New Mexico—with Dad and my old friend as partners, I couldn't have asked for any better. Gold in the ground, grub in the chuckbox and a little ham wrapped up and hanging in a tree. A campfire every night with a dozen guys leaning back against logs or bedrolls telling yarns. What more is there? I remember Big Slim McDonald, the best story teller of them all, with his soft voice and the soul of a poet in a body that reminded you of a friendly hound dog. When he told of riding a runaway ore wagon down the slope of old Burnt Canyon Mountain you could smell the burning brake shoes and see the rocks sailing off into the canyon. He had spent his fifty-four years wandering over the Rocky Mountains, mining in the summer and trap-

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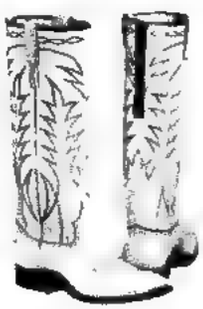

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ping in the winter.

"Slim," I asked him, "did you ever live in town?"

"Yeah, once I spent two weeks with my sister down in El Paso."

"How did you like living in a house?"

"Oh, not bad. Only I slept out in the yard, too crowded up there in the house."

We decided to put down a new shaft, so we crowded in next to Big Slim and his partners on West Gulch and started digging. My dad was a pretty good camp cook so he got that job in a two to one election. Bedrock there was only about twelve or fourteen feet deep and when we hit it, was covered with a nest of loose boulders. We cleaned out the boulders and checked a panful of the bedrock dirt and got as much gold in one pan sample as we had been getting in a whole day's run. Boy, what a good feeling! We cleaned out the bottom of the shaft and washed it and it was all good pay. We couldn't wait to start a little tunnel or drift with the slope of the channel, but we dug into another old drift in less than a foot. Did that let our feathers down? It wasn't a late drift; it was filled solid with silt dirt, clearly outlining the arch of the old. Some of the other miners shinned down the shaft and pronounced it an old Mormon drift made when they were mining the hills back in the 1850s. Anyway, whoever dug it left a small handmade wrought-iron shovel in the old drift. It was still solid.

There wasn't much room left to work on West Gulch at the time, so when a guy named Carl and his old man partner came by and wanted us to move to a new spot with them, we were ready. This was a place away off by itself that they had been prospecting. They claimed it was an old bench that panned four dollars per yard from the grass roots down. They figured we could open cut, not have to drift; that way you can work lower grade dirt.

CARL AND HIS partner had to go to town for something, so my dad and I took one load of stuff to the location and set up our little tent while my partner was rounding up his gear. We barely had the tent up when it started getting dark and thunder rumbled around the hills and it started hailing. It wasn't too unusual to have a little hailstorm any time in the summer up in the hills—small hail that didn't last long. But this time it wouldn't quit.

After a little while the tent started sagging in from the weight of the hail stacking up on the windward side, so I slacked off on the collar that held the tent arms tight to give it more room. That was a mistake—it just made a big nice pocket to catch more hail. Shortly we were down on our stomachs with the tent on top of us and about a half truckload of hail on top of the whole works.

With considerable cussing and wiggling we got out and reset the tent. Then we went back for my partner. It was getting dark by then and he said, "Where the hell you guys been, eating supper?" It hadn't even hailed where he was.

Speaking of eating—I never saw such eating. Dad would cook enough for six men each meal and it was barely enough for us three. My partner, who had come to the hills sick, nervous as a stray cat at a dog show and with his stomach hurting all the time, was leading the pack at the end of two weeks. That tickled me for he was a good guy. Before the summer was over he had gained fifteen pounds and could do more work than I could. When winter started coming on we had an awful time trying to get him to go back home with us. He wanted to stay in the mountains forever.

Anyway, Carl and the old man came back from town and we started working that grass roots gold. It didn't pan out like we expected, but we did make our bean money.

One night a couple of other miners came by to see us. One was carrying an old fiddle with cracks in the body you could stick a pencil in. The other had a guitar with two strings missing. After supper we stirred up the fire while the boys started screeching out a few tunes on their instruments.

I'll have to admit that it wasn't exactly of concert quality but we enjoyed it. It's all the music we had, anyway. About the third tune, Carl held up a finger and the fiddler stopped. Carl motioned out in the dark, "I heard a lion scream." I had heard it too. Then, from a slightly different spot a scream came again.

The fiddler resumed his playing—I remember the tune was "You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey; We'll go down to the crawdad hole, babe . . ." The mountain lion screamed again and we could tell he was circling the camp. He didn't sound very far out but it was pitch black and you couldn't have seen a white elephant with a purple taillight. The fiddler kept getting restless and finally stopped.

"Look, you guys, I can't play with that big cat yowling down my backbone—it makes my fingers stiff."

That's where it affects you all right, on the backbone. You can feel the bristles rising on your neck even though you know perfectly well that big cat is not going to come in camp and chew a chunk of meat off you. Even now I still think that fiddle screeching had something to do with the lion getting so close for they ordinarily go about their own business a long way off.

Sometimes though, a mountain lion will act peculiar. Another miner stopped by camp one day to cuss a while. He was aggravated and a little scared. He had been prospecting about a week over toward Lone Mountain and he said a lion followed him around all day. He would catch sight of the animal once in a while then it would drift out of sight. That kept up for several days. He said he couldn't watch for lions and rocks at the same time so he quit looking for the rocks. He swore the paw prints were big as saucers.

I CAN very easily believe in lost mine stories, all right—about losing them anyway. On our day off I would go walking around the hills just for fun. Not really prospecting, just looking around.

got lost twice that way and the country wasn't nearly so rough as a lot of mountains are. There wasn't anything to mark by. The hills looked alike and the trees looked alike; and pretty soon I didn't know which way was straight up. No roads, no nice square section lines.

After getting out of a mess like that twice, I still went exploring. One time I saw a small flat area, or bench, pretty high up on the side of one of the hills with what looked like an old road cut through the edge going up on top. The old road was overgrown with shinnery so that it was hard to see and practically blocked where it went up on top, but I scratched around and pulled myself up till I reached that little bench. It was pretty well covered with piñon and a few Ponderosa pines, but strung out along the narrow ledge was an abandoned mining camp. A long skinny bunkhouse of several rooms made of rough-cut timber; some old machinery, and a blacksmith's anvil sitting on a heavy wood block; a bunch of whiskey and beer bottles scattered around the ground. Some of them were rather pretty from their long exposure to the sun.

I was interested and wanted to look around a little while but it was getting late and I knew I had better get back. I decided to return the following Sunday so I picked out some landmarks the best I could, estimated the distance and direction from camp, and went in. On the way back I stopped by the store and asked several of the old-timers around there if they knew anything about that camp. None of them had ever heard of it. It had taken me less than an hour and a half by sun time to get back to the store, so I knew it wasn't far.

When I started out Sunday to look it over again I walked briskly for an hour and a half over to where I knew it was—and couldn't find anyplace that looked familiar. I went back twice more before I gave up. It worried me quite a bit. Not that the old camp was so important, but I thought maybe I was going nuts. Maybe I had dreamed the whole works.

I remembered the anvil, and picking up some of the bottles to examine their color, I had even gone in the old bunkhouse and looked at the paper clippings still on the wall. What got my goat the worst was that since I already had learned how easy it was to get lost I had been careful to mark directions. While I was still on the high bench and could look over the country I had drawn lines mentally between the peaks and noted the angle to camp. I absolutely *knew* where the old workings were.

Since then if a man were to tell me about discovering a mine and losing it I would just say, "Why, of course, did you even expect to find it again?"

But, dang it, I wanted to look around. That was a hard rock prospect and it might have been one of those extra rich little veins.

OF COURSE, around any mining district there are all kinds of rumors every few days about big strikes. I'm in favor of such a rumor; it's interesting and keeps you full of beans. We heard lots

I'd like to give this to my fellow men . . .

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

by Victor B. Mason

Out of the thousands who read this message perhaps only you and a few others will have the vision and the intuition to realize that it may be intended that you read this page at this time—that the coincidence of holding this magazine in your hands may shape your destiny, may guide you to lots of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not speaking of mysterious laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish*. If this message is intended for you, you are the kind of man who knows that anything worthwhile must be earned. If the earlier development of your karma has revealed to you that there is no reward without effort, you may now be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. Frankly, I am going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to convince me that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success.

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There is not enough space here to tell you the full story, but if you are interested in becoming independent in a business of your own, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name.

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There's no coupon on this announcement. If you don't think enough of your future to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing, but if you think that having this message come to your attention may be a coincidence that is more deeply connected to your destiny than either of us can say, then send your name. No salesman will call on you. I will write you fully and you can then make your decision in the privacy of your own home.

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of tales but the only gold to amount to anything that I saw with both my eyes was mined by an old farmer and his two boys who didn't know any better than to dig in the wrong place—where everybody knew there couldn't be any placer gold.

This old man and his boys had starved out on a farm in western Oklahoma or the Texas Panhandle during the drouth, had sold out for what little they could get, and had come out to the hills. Then they made their first mistake. They hired an elderly Mexican miner to help them locate a claim; paid him twenty dollars. All the claims that were any good had been filed on and refiled till hardly anybody knew who owned what, so the old Mexican took them out on a grassy swag and helped them put up the corner monuments. Then they got out their long-handled shovels and picks and started digging. They hit bedrock at about four feet and it panned pretty good. So they started hauling water on the old farm truck they had come out in, and began washing. Pretty soon they built a little better washer with a small engine, and a trommel made of two or three oil drums.

One day I was at the store (which was headquarters for the miners) and the old man came in. One of the prospectors said, "Say, Ed, I hear you and the boys got some purty good gold."

The old man nodded his head, "Yeah, we're doin' fairly good, I reckon." He pulled a large cough syrup bottle out of his hip pocket and held it out. All of us examined it wth amazement. It held between eight hundred and a thousand dollars in the fine grain gold of the Jicarillas. The gold there runs over nine hundred fine, so the old-timers told me (which is another way of saying it was practically pure).

"We got some more gold over at the camp," the old man said as he stuck the bottle back in his hip pocket.

We muttered and cussed a little, thinking about our own bean money production.

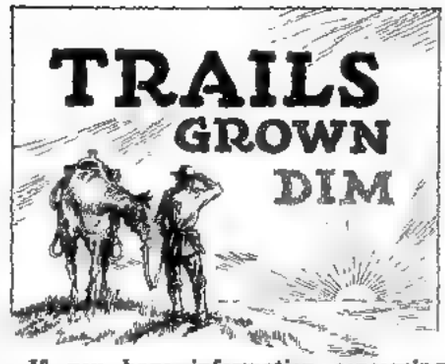
One of the onlookers had a proposition: "Say, Ed, how about me doing a little panning in your hip pocket if you set on a rock?"

I heard that the old man and his boys took home $15,000 that winter. I don't really know if that's true, but I did see the cough syrup bottle.

There were two reasons for their success: One—the boys and the old man moved enough dirt for a bulldozer; two—they didn't know you couldn't find gold out in a sort of cow pasture where a bona fide miner wouldn't even prospect.

As for us, we headed for home without much gold, but covered with dirt and glory and pleasant memories—maybe mostly dirt.

My dad and my friend and I made quite a few trips. When you live and work and get in lots of tight spots together, and you get to know that you can depend on your partners even if the world is coming apart at the joints—well, you miss them when they're gone.



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Russell-Blaylock

I would like to find some of my relations. Their names are Russell and Blaylock. The older ones have died and I don't know where the younger ones are. Some may live around Tennessee or Kentucky or Arkansas. Some on my mother's side are around Perryville, Missouri. If anyone knows of any of these, please write. My maiden name was Evelyn Russell. My father was Ira Russell and my mother Emily Russell, nee Blaylock. Please write as I am lonely.—Evelyn Cuno, 1107 N. Franklin, Centralia, Illinois 62801

Solomon

Benjamin Wesely Solomon came from New York or Iowa and his wife Ellen Nancy Solomon was from New York or Indiana, according to what information I have found. Benjamin ran a bar in Bonesteel, South Dakota until his death in 1909. His wife died in 1905. They had three children, Alvin Oriville, Mary Helen and Jim Solomon. Alvin Oriville, the only one still living, was three years old when his mother died and he was taken by a family to be cared for. Upon his father's death he was taken by the Philben family to be adopted.

I understand that the man who came and got Alvin and took him to the Philbens is still living and is a relative of the Philbens. At that time Alvin was seven years old and had curly black hair hanging to his waist. The Philben never did adopt him and at the age of twelve he ran away from home. The Philbens had a girl whom they adopted. I understand my grandparents are buried at Bristow, Nebraska.—Mrs. Nancy Stuppert, Route 1, Seward, Nebraska 68434

R. Lynn Adams

Can anyone give me information about my father, R. Lynn Adams? In 1945 was the surviving child of Elizabeth Bemus and Tilman Adams from Evart, Osceola County, Michigan. He married Sylvia Welliver of Bismarck, North Dakota in 1932 and they were the parents of six children, Sheila, Janis, Geraldine, Maye, Carol, and Patricia. All the children now live in California and have not seen Lynn since 1946 or 1947 and he

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no idea of his whereabouts or whether he is yet living. There are relatives by the name of Hilaker who also used to live in Michigan. I surely would appreciate information of any kind. He should be sixty-five or sixty-six years old now. —Mrs. Sheila Adams Hatfield, 5019 San Pablo Dam Road, Apt. B-3, El Sobrante, California 94803

Scott—Bazzell

I need any and all possible information concerning the Scott and Bazzell families of Jackson County in West Florida. Both families have existed there for more than 100 years and possibly came to Florida from North or South Carolina. I am especially interested in ancestors of Sam Scott who married Nancy Dykes Burns right after the Civil War and had five children, Dan, Jeff, Charles (my grandfather), Rebecca ("Beck"), and Martha. Either Dan or Jeff was supposed to have moved to Texas (this isn't definite) and may have relatives still there. If anyone knows any history or background on the Scotts or Bazzells, please let me know. There were many members of both families pre-dating Sam and Nancy Scott and I hope that someone, somewhere, might know something about them—names, pictures, dates, etc.—Randy Scott, 6850 Dayton Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Mitchell—Moody—Whitby—Langford

I would be so pleased to hear from anyone who can help me with the names appearing in our family Bible, beginning with the name of Ann Mitchell, born August 9, 1742. The names of other children are Mary, Henry, Branch, Priscilla, Jones, Robin, Reaps, Frank, Thomas, and Tabitha whose birthdate was January 22, 1767. Names of the parents and place of origin are missing.

Reaps married Susanah Rives December 20, 1783 and their children were Martha or Marty, Paul, William Rives, Thomas B., Henry and Margaret Mitchell. Marty seems to have married a Benjamin Turner on April 1, 1802. Although Paul Mitchell had a child listed for him as "Martha Turner Mitchell," I assume that this could be the Turner child they took to raise. Paul Mitchell married Nancy Seward on February 12, 1807. Martha Turner Mitchell married a Moody and had my great-great-grandmother, Harriet Newell Moody, born August 19, 1833. We know that on January 11, 1852, Harriet was in Homer, Louisiana to meet and marry John Richard Whitby who "came from nowhere and went back into nowhere." John Whitby went to war from Atlantic, Arkansas, was captured in the second battle of Tennessee, taken prisoner, and died in Springfield, Illinois on March 19, 1862. We know that he was raised by kin in Nashville, Tennessee as his folks had died while he was young and that he had about three or four brothers and a couple of sisters. Some of the brothers and sisters came to California to Sacramento Valley before the Civil War. One brother or sister went to Arkansas but the exact place unknown. In 1870 Harriet Newel Moody Whitby's daughter, Martha Ann, married William Hemphill Langford in Atlanta, Arkansas and they brought Harriet and my grandfather, John William Whitby, to Texas to live in 1871.—Adelle Whitby Olney, 2325 Blake Street, San Bernardino, California 92405

Brown of Canada

Can anyone please help me with information on a Mr. Brown whose given name might have been French, Frenchy, Elige, Elijah, Elisha, Eligah or any variation? He was an Indian trader from Canada and was possibly born in Upper New York and migrated to Canada. He is supposed to have intermarried Iroquois or Mohawk. He migrated from Canada to Kentucky where a son was born in 1812. Maybe someone researching Indian traders has come across this man. Did this Indian trader Brown move to Indiana (possibly Terre Haute) from Kentucky? What was his given name, his wife's name, and the children? I'd like any information at all on this Brown, my great-great-grandad. Thanks for every word.—Mrs. D. E. Fisher, 17844 Benbow Street, Covina, California 91722

William David Trinkle

I am in search of any living descendants or information regarding my mother's half-brother, William David Trinkle, who was born in 1863 near La Cygne, Kansas. Dave Trinkle was the son of Henry and Mary Bundy Trinkle. His mother, Mary Bundy Trinkle, a Miami Indian girl, was the daughter of Peter Bundy and died when Dave was an infant. Dave Trinkle had one brother, Joseph Trinkle, who married Minnie Geboe and lived at Miami, Oklahoma where some of his family now reside. Dave Trinkle left La Cygne when he was a young man and was never heard from. It is rumored that he might have lived in McCoy, Texas and Asher, Oklahoma. In our search we have learned that he married a Hostetter girl and that they had two sons, Frank and Lee. I will appreciate any information received.—Mabel S. Franklin, 6131 Marty Lane, Overland Park, Kansas 66202

Bettencourt Santos

My grandmother, Mary Julia Bettencourt Santos, has been missing since 1916. She disappeared from her sister's home in Chico, California accompanied by her new husband, Alberto. No one remembers Alberto's last name. She was born in the Moraga Valley in 1888 to Theresa and Manuel Souza Bettencourt. Anyone having the slightest remembrance of this woman, please write.—Retha Kasparian, 8533 Sol Court, Stockton, California 95207

Hughes—Jenne

My grandfather, John Harvey Hughes, was born April 17, 1860 in Bastrop County, Texas which I believe was then a part of Milam County. He married my grandmother in Strawn, Texas on November 25, 1885. A half-sister was named Alice and married a Boney. They are both buried at Gourdneck Cemetery about nine miles from Strawn.

We also know that my grandfather was once married to a Delores who died in childbirth in Decatur, Texas. John Hughes could play the violin beautifully and must have had skillful hands, for when a horse ran away with his violin, he fashioned a new top for it. He died June 25, 1926 in Dalhart, Texas. This is all the information we have on him.

I am also asking information on the Jenne family who came to Texas in 1874 and settled near Strawn. William F. Jenne was born in Illinois, February 26, 1835 and married Samuel Torrance's daughter, Sara Ellen Torrance, who was born in Ohio on March 2, 1838. An old photo album I have lists the pictures as Eber Jenne (photographer from Vincennes, Indiana), probably William's brother. Also a picture of a two-star Yankee soldier by the name of Toney, probably Anthony Jenne.

There was an aunt and uncle named Norton—photographer Vincennes, Indiana. W. F. Jenne's picture has photographer from Palestine, Illinois. William F. and Sara Ellen (Torrance), Jenne's children, were named William, Sarah, Irah, Amanda Melvina, Martha, Torrance, Vilette, Marinda Ann (my grandmother), Sirina Elizabeth and Jesse Alma. William F. and Sarah Ellen (Torrance) Jenne are buried in Gourdneck Cemetery, Strawn, Texas. Sarah died in Strawn on October 11, 1889 and William F. died in Tucumcari, New Mexico on June 19, 1911.—Aline Parks, 2212 30th Street, Snyder, Texas 79549

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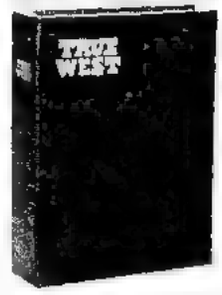

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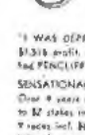

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

a real seller. All told I have 177 issues of all five magazines. I'll be waiting to see what comes next in the upcoming years.—Larry W. Sampson, 319 Chicago Street, Caldwell, Idaho 83605

Nevada Tombstone

Dear Editor,

Several years ago we found a fallen tombstone close to, but not in, the old cemetery in Aurora, Nevada. Can any of your readers tell us the story?

It reads as follows:

Native of Tennessee
Aged 33 Years.
Was assassinated
in Aurora on
the night of
Dec. 10, 1864.
I will avenge saith
the Lord.
Erected by his wife
Annie E.
L. E. Nelson
Colu (?)

Anyone who writes with information and who might want it, may have the snapshot.—Mrs. W. W. Davis, R. R. 1, Box 130, Lebanon, Oregon 97355

Gila Monsters

Dear Pat:

I have read an article about Gila monsters in TW. Just recently I wrote the Army Medical Research Lab at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for information on Gila monster bites. Their report corroborated author Woodson's findings in almost all respects.

According to Captain Flowers the individual's strength, allergies and lack of medication would determine how severe a Gila monster bite would be. In several cases where death occurred, alcoholism or heart trouble was also involved, he said.

The Gila, the Captain further informed me, has powerful jaws. He suggested the victim remove the biting lizard by inserting a pen, pencil or similar object into its nares, thus forcing it to release its grip (this also works with snakes, turtles, etc.)—Dr. Moray C. Coop, 1551 Campbell Road, Houston 24, Texas.

Chinese Relic

Dear Editor:

I have come up with something interesting about the Chinese urn mentioned in your magazine about a year ago. As you know I had a number of inquiries from persons who it turns out have the same type of urn.

I did some digging until I located the man who wrote the following letter identifying the pieces:

"The vase is brass (an alloy of copper and zinc) and has no rare metal in its make-up, such as silver or gold. The shape is after a funeral urn—one containing wine and another grain used to be buried with the dead. That's around the Wei to T'ang period more than a thousand years ago. The dragons guard the vessel from evil spirits.

"In recent times they were no longer so used. But during the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) and the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1911) they were used as vases in the temple and in homes. In the temples they were usually one of five utensils: two vases, two candle-sticks and one large incense urn. There are placed in front of the altar on the altar table, the urn being in the center.

"The inscription on the bottom stated that it is for precious use. The swastika at top center is the symbol for "ten thousand ages," i.e. forever.

"Vessels of this type were made in Canton; and most of the early Chinese in Western American are Cantonese, so presumably they were carried to Idaho from Seattle, Portland, or San Francisco. It should have value to those interested in the history of the American West. Commercially similar vessels, however, may still be had in Chinatown here for about $25 at most. Sincerely, Chingwah Lee, 9 Old Chinatown Lane, San Francisco, California."

I thought your readers might be interested in this information in the form of Mr. Lee's letter.—Roscoe LeGresley, Box 275, Koodkia, Idaho 83539

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 42)

Crockett was sitting with one leg cocked in the saddle and using both hands to build a brown paper cigarette when I asked: "Whatever happened to that old feller that was too old and brittle to bust a bronc? Shore ain't seen him around lately."

Without dropping a stitch in his cigarette making, Crockett nodded toward the glade and said: "Had to ride him—you show me a place out there a man could of quit him without gettin' kilt." The brown made a real cow horse and Crockett got to be pretty wild in that saddle.

Below Hog Hole on Falls Creek, there's a place where the water riffles through deep crevices or stands in shallow pools on a solid rock bottom. A growth of green algae keeps it slick as glass. Old range cows would go around this place to get to their calves. One day a bunch of wild goats spilled out across this place and were gone, as far as the rest of us in the saddle were concerned. But Crockett blasted straight across, headed them before they could make it to the bluff, and brought them back the way they had gone. The brown never faltered on the way.

Over in the roughs of the Everet Ranch, he headed a wild cow by shouldering her to the ground with the brown, jumped over her and was standing in the trail before her when she regained her feet. The trail was narrow; any miscalculated timing or distance would have delivered horse and rider into a deep canyon. Before I could speak my piece, Crockett's face clouded and he waved me away saying: "I know—I know—I was mad and hot when I done it—an' I'll wake up nights an' be scared as the devil when I think about it."

Next time Crockett showed up at my place, he was riding a big-footed bay, a docile animal short on looks and long on sense. I wanted Crockett to blow and brag about the fancy price he had gotten for his bronc. I wish he had. Instead, he mentioned the brown only once after that. With unseeing eyes, he was looking past me across the valley to where Packsaddle Mountain stood blue in the haze and his hands fumbled listlessly as he spoke: "He was a young man's horse. Forty years ago, no man's money coulda got him from me." . . .

Excerpt from *The Wimberley Hills: A Pioneer Heritage* by C. W. Wimberley, published by Von Boeckmann-Jones, Austin.

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
AH, LITTLE PIGEON! GIRL OF MY DREAMS! HOW CAN I EXPRESS MY DEVOTION?..I WILL PLUCK THE MOON AN' STARS FROM THE SKIES AS GIFTS FOR YOU
OH, GREEN GILLS!
SOMEHOW, I WILL GATHER THE LIGHT OF THE SUN, THE SONGS O' THE BIRDS, THE SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS TO PRESENT TO YOU!...GLADLY, I GIVE YOU MY ETERNAL DEVOTION, THE STRENGTH OF MY ARMS, THE BEAT O' MY HEART, MY LAST BREATH, THE...
WAKE ME WHEN HE GETS TO THE NEGOTIABLES!
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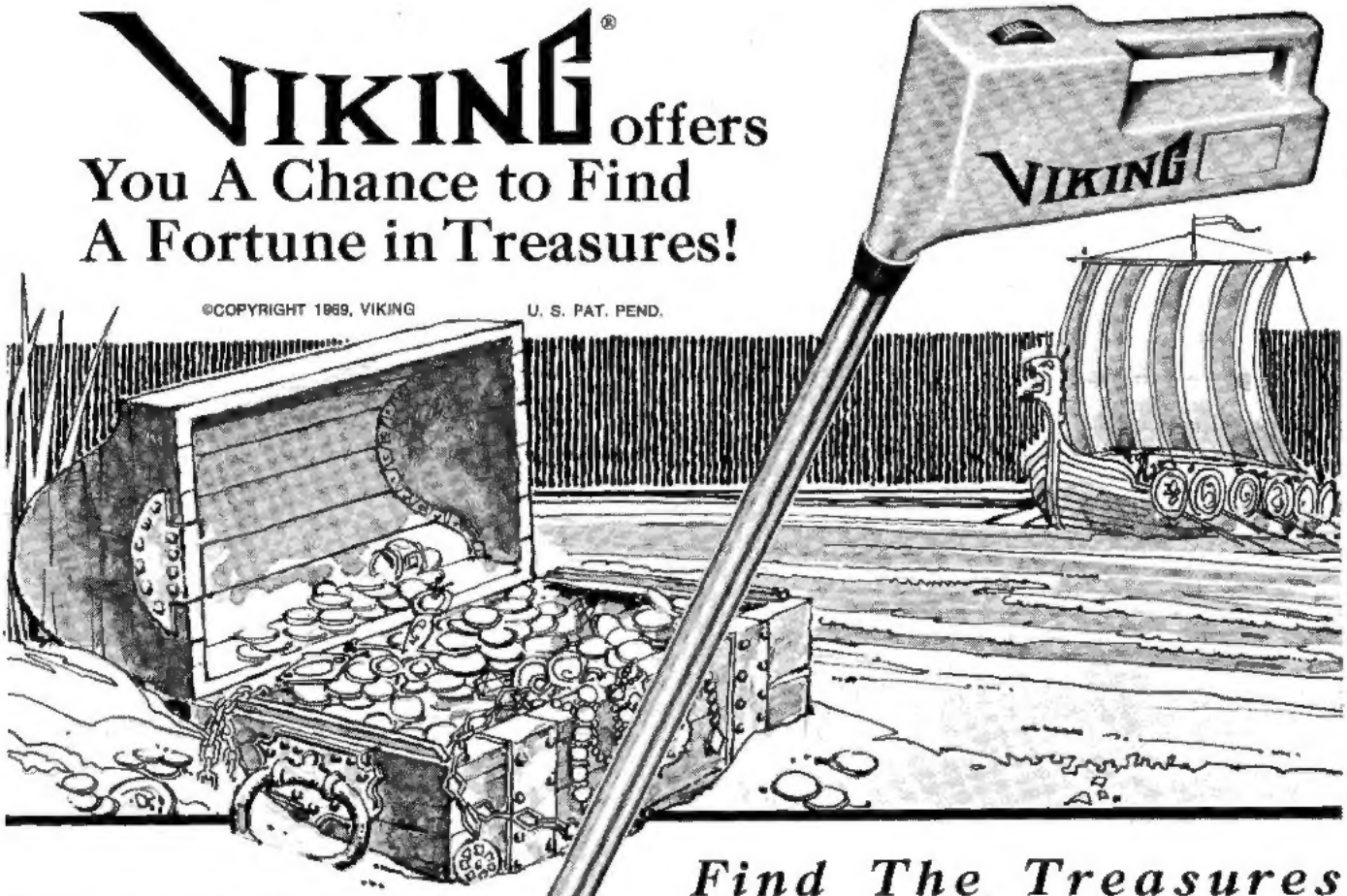

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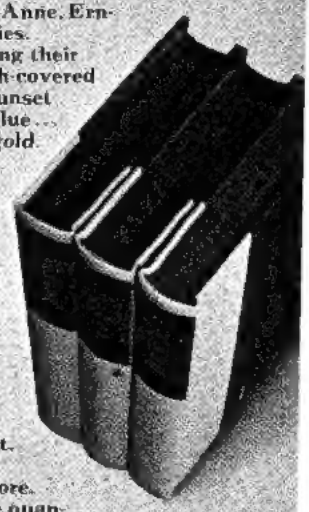

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